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INDIANA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A goddess rare, with mystic charms,
The brightest of the hosts of heaven,
Wrought for herself a jewelled crown,
Which to her brow alone was given.
For none less fair might catch its light,
Lest darkness thus should dim its sheen,
And never yet usurper wore
The golden crown of Freedom's Queen.

First thirteen jewels' clustered light
Shone from its front, while all beside
Was but a solid zone of gold,
To hold the gems which Time's hand tried.
And these were added one by one,
Till seven and thirty deck the brow
Of matchless, peerless Liberty,
To whom alone will freemen bow.

But one of all those jewels bright
Methinks is fairest, purest, best,
Whose ray serene found all its light
Amid the green fields of the west:
'Twas set while angels, christening,
Besprinkled it with holy tears;
And Indiana stood undimmed
Amid the brightest of her peers.

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

Skale the Scout;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM REACHES THE FORT.

Unharmed by the bullets and tomahawks of the savages, swifter than the fleetest of his pursuers, whooping defiance to them as he left them behind, away went Tom Williams, passing far in the rear of the British batteries, and then turning and approaching the Maumee.

"Ho! ye painted dogs!" he shouted, when he felt himself once more out of the grasp of his foes. "Ho! ye bloody thieves! ye sarved that greenhorn-regiment yer old cowardly way—but the hull o' ye can't come it over Tom Williams. Boil my bones! but I thought ye war goin' to fetch me, sure, that time. I s'pose yer danglin' Hiram's scalp—some one of ye—now, though I allers thought he warn't born fur that. Poor Hiram! he war a good feller, though a leetle spilet with larnin'. And the gal! what'll become o' her I wonders—sech a plucky, pretty creatur! Sweeter nor any rose-bush, and as full o' thorns ef ye don't take hold right."

Thus, as he glided along, the scout gave expression to the thoughts that filled his mind. But he did not for one moment forget that, though his enemies had failed to slay him, he was far from safety still. Not until the fort was entered, dared he congratulate himself that his escape was final.

It was a beautiful day; the air soft and balmy, and the woods filled with the fragrance of early flowers and starting buds. Under the shadowy pines that, winter and summer, wore their changeless green, and through the thickets, which though not yet full-leafed, afforded a welcome screen, he hastened, hearing every sound and ready for attack or defence. He at last reached a rocky gorge, through which flowed a stream of agitated water, emptying, he presumed, into the Maumee. As he now supposed he was about the proper distance above the fort—he desired to strike the river just above the rapids—he resolved to enter the ravine and follow it to its junction with the main stream. Gliding stealthily forward, scanning every tree, bush, and covert, with a caution that he could not lay aside even had there been no danger, he succeeded in gaining the brink of the gorge. The depression was about twenty feet in width, and its sides were almost perpendicular. Before descending to the bed of the stream, he stood for a brief period leaning on his rifle, and viewing the surrounding scenery. As his eyes rested upon the waters below, he saw that they were quite deep, swollen by the rains that had lately fallen, and he began to doubt if he could make his way down the channel as he had proposed. On the opposite bluff he noticed, about one-third of the way down, was a narrow shelf, running zigzag with the different strata of the rock, and being mostly concealed by bushes which shot up here and there; or by vines that drooped from it like natural curtains. At the point exactly below him, upon which his eye fell as it went down to the water, there was an angular projection of the rock, with a deep fissure just behind it, barely wide enough to admit the body of a man, but extending back some distance and gradually enlarging into a small cavern.

Little did the brave fellow think, as he viewed with some interest this spot, how much within an hour—nay, within a much less period of time—his life would depend upon this peculiar formation of nature. For so it is; walking blindly through this vale of life, thinking we are safe when most in peril, falling when we expect most confidently to stand, we know not what are our safeguards or our dangers, till they are revealed to us in some great and thrilling moment that brings to us salvation or destruction.

While Williams stood thus, he was suddenly startled by the report of a rifle and the whiz of a bullet close to his head, followed by the whoops of a party of savages. Heavens! had he stood there a mark for a foeman's ball? Yet he had not forgotten his caution; his keen glance had just swept the forest around. Nevertheless the Indians had approached unseen. One brief look showed him the situation. Behind him, and both above and below, cutting off his retreat, spread the savages, and the only way to safety was across the yawning chasm before him. The leap might be death, but that would be his portion were he to refrain from taking it.

Not a moment was to be lost. The savages, feeling that he could not escape them, seemed resolved to take him alive, and they were almost upon him. He drew back a few feet to gain headway for the spring, and then bounded from the ledge on which he stood, with the full effort of every nerve and muscle. His foot slipped; he did not reach the opposite verge—it is doubtful if he could have done so with every circumstance favorable—but he struck near its surface and came down upon the narrow landing or shelf already mentioned, catching the vines and bushes in time to save himself from a backward plunge into the torrent below.

But he was not yet for a moment safe, and only instantaneous action would serve him. This he had sufficient presence of mind to know, and swinging himself around the sharp, projecting angle of the rock, he had barely time to glide into the narrow opening leading to the cavern, when three or four shots were fired by his astonished foes, the balls flattening against the sides of the rock, and dropping like rude pieces of coin below.

"Boil my bones!" cried Tom with considerable indignation; "but ye make a chap move lively. Take that for yer hurryin' me so." He brought his rifle to his shoulder, and aiming quickly at the foremost of the yelling and disappointed group, he fired. Following the report came the sound of a plunging body, striking the water below, and Tom knew he had one enemy less to fight. With infuriated whoops and cries, the savages poured a whole volley of bullets into the mouth of the cavern; but drawing back, the scout heard with complacency the harmless striking of the lead against the rock.

"Throw in some more!" he shouted, tauntingly. "It's a lively sound, and don't do no damage. Whoop, whoop, hurrah!"

Maddened by his taunts, which the savages knew were meant as such, another futile discharge followed, the scout only chuckling as he listened to the furious patter of the balls. He reloaded his own rifle, and then reflected aloud on the situation.

"Wal, this har's gettin' to Fort Meigs fast, arn't it? Run into sech a hole as this, when I was countin' big on takin' supper with the General. Thar's no chance o' leavin' at the rear o' this place, and p'raps it's well thar ain't, fur ef I could get out they could get in. I'll hev to wait a week or so, I 'spose, livin' on my leggins' (and they're nigh about gone a'ready), and then clamber down and mebbe drown. Wal, it's better nor bein' scalped."

Cautiously moving toward the entrance, the borderer wishing to ascertain if his enemies were still watching in front, made use of a very simple stratagem to determine if they were still there. Taking off his cap, he pushed it gently forward on the point of his ramrod, as if he were peeping out. The quick discharge of two or three rifles was sufficient assurance that the Indians were still about.

"Wal, wal," he said, "I see thar's nothin' to do but to wait and watch. They may get tired of this at last and try to push things livelier. Boil my bones! but I wished this hole faced the river. I'd jump into the water right afore their eyes and swim for the fort."

Darkness was now coming on, and fearing an attack, the brave fellow kept a closer watch than before. The result proved he was none too vigilant, for thinking he detected a slight sound, as if of cautious footsteps on the ledge, he listened more intently, and became assured that one or more of his foes had in some manner descended to the landing at the cavern front.

"That ar is rayther bold," thought Tom, "unless ye thinks some of yer glancin' balls has struck me. You'd better make sure o' that afore comin' in."

Peeping out with the utmost caution, he thought he observed in the twilight a rope dangling in front of the entrance, secured no doubt above. He brought his rifle to his shoulder. Presently the form of a huge Indian was to be seen descending; and taking sure aim the borderer fired. The savage loosened his hold on the rope, and with a yell of agony dropped into the stream below.

"Thar!" cried Tom, with the utmost satisfaction; "ef lead will sink ye, ye got some to try it."

Quickly succeeding the report of his rifle came other shots, apparently not fired by the Indians, for these now gave a series of warning whoops and terrified yells, indicating that they themselves had been attacked.

"Hurrah!" shouted the scout, delighted at the prospect of release. "Hurrah! I say, and when the red imps are driv home, come this way and call on Tom Williams!"

But it is to be feared that the relieving party, whoever they might be, had not guessed the place of the borderer's concealment, for the shouts of the pursuers and the occasional cracking of a rifle grew fainter, and though in the silence that at last followed, Tom waited for the return of the whites, they came not. He shouted; fired his rifle; but no answer was heard.

"Wal, that beats me out!" he exclaimed. "They must ha' thought the brutes had me already, or else they didn't know nothin' of me in the first place. Boil my bones! but this har's aggravatin'. Howsomever I'll help myself of thar's the smile o' a chance to get out. Thar's that rope a-dangling still, and it may be that thar's a way up by it. Powerful ticklish though, and I'm no sailor. Cap'n Morris, poor feller, ef he arn't scalped yet, wouldn't ask more to hang by; but then he could climb a sunbeam."

Slinging his rifle to his back, and then carefully testing the strength of the rope, which was of twisted deer-skin, he satisfied himself of its trustworthiness, and commenced the perilous ascent. His life now depended upon the firmness with which this rude rope held. Were it to give way he would surely be precipitated into the yawning chasm below. But it did not part, and the adventurous man, safely through another of the many perils that thronged his path, reached the top of the overhanging cliff. There he noted that the rope was firmly fastened around a vigorous sapling that grew on the verge of the bluff, and had been, most fortunately for him, left with one end dangling in front of his too-secure retreat. That the sudden appearance of an enemy had caused the savages to leave it thus, he did not doubt.

Thankful for his deliverance, and determined if possible to reach the fort ere morning, he set out without a moment's rest for the river. This he reached near the head of the rapids, and going some distance up stream, he plunged boldly in and swam to the opposite shore. Wet and weary, he hastened on, and some time after midnight approached the first line of sentinels guarding the place. Tom knew he must be very careful in acquainting the pickets with his presence, or he would be fired at without much hesitation. Cautiously creeping toward the figure of one of the guards, he covered his body by a tree, and called to the man in words which he endeavored to make so thoroughly American that the fellow would not imagine that it was an Indian war-note. The scout knew how easily, in the excitement of standing guard at night against a savage enemy, a nervous sentinel could mistake the breaking of a twig for the crack of a rifle, or the calm address of a friend for the dreaded war-whoop.

"Who goes there?" was the instant challenge in response to the borderer's call.

"Me, you fool!" cried Tom. "Now, don't you fire and kill me for an injun. I'm in from a scout—it's been a long one," he muttered, "and I want to go straight to the fort."

"The relief will be around presently," said the soldier, "and then you can go in."

They waited a few minutes, and then the guard approached, and Tom went rejoicingly in toward the centre of the works.

"Any news?" asked the man who was conducting him.

TOM WILLIAMS MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP.

"Better think so," was the reply. Tom delighted to terrify the volunteers, many of whom were of course inexperienced and credulous. "Proctor is in the woods with ten thousand red-coats, jest arriv, and the fort's to be stormed to-morrer. Fact! the blood they tasted yesterday has set 'em wild. The Injuns eat all they killed, and they're hungry fur more."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped the man. "Does the General know it?"

"I've come to tell him," said the scout.

But instead of "telling him," Tom, being delivered to the companionship of several of his fellow rangers, dried his clothes by their camp-fire, and then fell asleep, to be awakened near morning by the rough hand of delighted old Simon Brace, who had learned of his arrival.

"Boil my bones!" was Tom's exclamatory greeting. "Ef thar ain't old Simon! Glad to see ye, my boy. Thought ye scalped long ago. Enny o' the others in? The Cunnel? his darter? the Major? and—and—" He came near asking for Milly, concerning whom, though he checked his inquiry, he was really most anxious.

"The Cunnel's in," answered Simon; "but the Major and Isabel—Lord help 'em!—arn't with us. Scott Wismer and Job Barnsley hev saved their har; and the gal, Milly, she's safe."

The scout's rough features became radiant with delight at this announcement. Milly safe! How his heart beat! It had not been more joyously excited for the forty years he had carried it. Tom wondered if Milly would be half so glad to see him.

"What's become o' Hiram?" asked the old man.

"I seed him yesterday, but he war in a mighty tight place. I'm afeerd Hiram has fired his last shot," answered Tom, very sadly.

"That's bad," said Simon. "He war a true one, and death on the Injuns. Let us find the Cunnel. He'll be glad to see you. Powerful anxious and worrying consarnin' Miss Isabel, though."

They arose and proceeded to the quarters where Colonel Westburn was usually to be found when not engaged in the defence. He was there, and greeted Tom with such genuine delight that the brave fellow conceived a stronger attachment, if possible, for the officer than he had felt before. Having a rather uncomplimentary opinion in general of the regular troops, both men and officers, when he made an exception, as he sometimes did, as in Colonel Westburn's case, his admiration was sure to be unqualifiedly strong.

"No news of my daughter?" asked the father, hopelessly.

"I'd give my scalp, Cunnel, fur that gal," said Tom, evading a direct reply, "and I'm to be counted one of the party that goes to bring her out o' the enemy's camp. I war a hopin' that she mought hev got in with ye that night, Hiram, and me left, but I'm sad to know it ain't so. She's alive yet, no doubt, fur even the wust brute o' the Injuns wouldn't harm her so far as killin' goes."

"I know—I know," returned the Colonel. "But you are aware there are worse things than death. There are in that army wicked men who would take advantage of her helplessness to insult and persecute her. Oh, my child! were you only safe or dead!"

"We've all promised, Cunnel, as ye don't need to be reminded," said Williams, "that we'd help one another out o' these troubles that commenced with our shipwreck; and even if we hadn't promised it would be the same; while thar's one left not accounted fur the others won't rest easy. That's me at least; and Simon Brace, nigh chawed and chopped up as he is, will say the same o' himself. Arn't that the talk, Simon?"

"That thar's the langwage," responded the old borderer, heartily.

"I know how willingly you would aid the unfortunate, my brave fellows, and I thank you for your good will. Hasten the hour when we can go to the rescue of our lost friends. Give me an account of your adventures, Tom, since we parted."

The scout thereupon commenced the thrilling narrative of his experience after leaving the boat. The colonel and the elder scout listened with the deepest interest, especially to that portion which related to the strange meeting with the beautiful Liola De Verne.

At the conclusion of his story, Tom partook of a hearty breakfast, though fretting himself secretly for a sight of Milly, as indeed he had been doing from the first. Where was the girl. The scout thought it strange that she was not to be seen. Heavy firing from the batteries of the besiegers had been in progress for the last half hour, and the cannon-balls were striking here and there with with decidedly startling animation. Williams was attracted by an excited group gathered near one of the inner line of stockades. He approached. A female form was lying on the ground, and a man was bending over it. Great heavens, it was Milly Brown.

He rushed to her side and stooped anxiously over her. There was no sign of a wound, yet she lay there as if struck down by a ball. Tom took the unconscious girl in his arms and bore her to a place of shelter. After a time she revived.

"Oh! Tom! is it you?" she asked. "They said you were in. I was looking"—

Milly paused in some confusion. Her lover's rough, but pleasing face had on it an expression of supreme happiness.

"You don't mean to say ye war lookin' for me, Milly?" he said, delightedly.

"Yes, I was, Tom. There now! And a splinter struck me, or just the wind of a ball, I don't know which, and—and—"

"I'd ha' been very sorry if it had killed you, Milly."

She colored very prettily. She seemed to be reviving very fast, and the surgeon soon left, remarking meaningly that he thought his services were of less value than the scout's. After he had gone, the two got along admirably. Tom was quite encouraged, and he needed to be, poor fellow!

"Tell me all about your adventures, Tom. Oh, if you had only brought us word of Miss Isabel and the Major."

He gave her a full history of his experience, as he had given the Colonel. Milly listened, deeply interested, to it all. By this time Tom was so sure of the young girl's favor for himself that he ventured an express declaration of his love, and amid the thunder of the guns of both armies, he caught the low reply that winning lovers get. Fitting time and scene for the sweet confession! Tom had courted (as much as he dared to,) during a shipwreck, proposed during a siege; as an event in harmony with this, it only remained that he should be married during a battle!

"Bless you, Milly," he cried after she had given him the blissful answer. "Bless you! but I was afeered you wouldn't look at an old b'ar like me."

"You are not more than thirty-five, Tom."

"I'm forty, Milly. Will you have me after knowin' that?"

"Yes, Tom, I like you."

And so the borderer won this young heart, whose love he had feared could never be given to him. And Milly's affection for him strengthened day by day as she found how kind and gentle and true he was. His rough but manly beauty was more to her than the smiles of handsome men, his genuine worth she felt and valued, and she gave a pure promise when she pledged herself to become his wife.

This period of the siege, though because of these personal felicities a happy period to Tom, forgetting all danger in his devotion to his sweetheart, was full of anxieties to the others. Proctor's demand had been for the unconditional surrender of the fort. Harrison's reply was, "Come and take it." It was now the seventh day of the investment. The danger was still great, and every man found work to do, assisting in the defence. Nevertheless Col. Westburn had obtained permission of the General-in-chief to organize a select band of scouts, having for their object the rescue of those presumed to be prisoners in the hostile camp. In a short time these daring fellows were to leave the fort one by one, penetrate the lines of the besiegers, either openly or in disguise, and bring away the captives if they could be found.

We will in advance of any of these volunteers go again to the enemy's camp, and see how it fares with our friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKALE IN DANGER—WHITE WOLF AGAIN.

Hiram Skale, after that brief and unexpected meeting with Isabel, was conducted by those who had him in charge—a few of White Wolf's trusted warriors—to a tent near the centre of the encampment. As we have said, he was both surprised and alarmed to know that Alfred Carleton was near. He had known that individual in former years, and he had known no good of him. As an enemy he knew him to be savage and implacable, and unfortunately for the scout, the Englishman was his enemy, for reasons that will appear hereafter.

"I must look to White Wolf for protection," reflected the prisoner. "He seems attracted toward me, I know not why, and my interest in' him is extraordinary. He spared my life to be sure, but that is not all; it is more than gratitude that inclines me in his favor. I hate an Indian, but this chief has nothing of the real savage about him. He promised to visit me in my place of confinement. I pray he fail not to come—and before Alfred Carleton does. *He* will seek me, or send an assassin."

The tent was reached—a small, three-sided lodge, having no other occupant. It was surrounded with the tents of the British regulars, and was of course strongly guarded. Near it stood a similar lodge, whether containing prisoners or not Skale could only guess.

He threw himself upon a robe, which was the only article of comfort at hand, and rested—but did not sleep, though he was very weary. An indefinable fear kept him awake. Alfred Carleton—Alfred Carleton! seemed whispered in his ears as if in warn-

ing. The wound he had that morning received pained him somewhat, but gave him no great uneasiness. His disquiet was of a mental rather than of physical character. After lying perhaps half an hour, reflecting with some despondency upon the situation of himself and his friends, one of whom, Isabel, he knew was in the camp, he heard footsteps approach and the subdued conversation of men outside. Was it White Wolf? the thought of the friendly chief cheered him.

The tent was entered by a British soldier, bearing a lamp, the rays of which fell or were thrown full on the face of the prisoner.

"You are the man," spoke the soldier—a corporal. "Come with me," he ordered, gruffly.

"Whither?" asked the scout, a deadly fear coming into his heart.

"No matter; I have my orders."

The prisoner arose to obey. Passing out of the tent, they were joined by a couple of murderous-looking savages.

"What evil is to befall me?" thought Skale, with a shudder; "am I to be slain in cold blood. Alfred Carleton, this is your work. You know that while I—the only witness of a foul crime by you committed—am alive, you cannot call yourself safe. You thought me dead ere this, perhaps. Oh, God, to perish thus."

The scout had been bound, or he would have made a desperate effort to escape. They had passed beyond the circle of tents—beyond the lines of pickets—and were already in the deeper shadow of the woods, the faint gleam of the camp-fires still, however, to be observed in the direction from which they had come.

A silent horror filled the soul of Hiram Skale. Almost in a stupor he permitted himself to be led, as he felt, to a cruel death.

At length, on the border of a dark ravine, his conductor paused. He drew the lantern from the bosom of his coat, and held it up so that the doomed one's face was lighted! The soldier looked coarse, cruel, and stern. The savages, eager and blood-thirsty.

"To be murdered," groaned the scout, "murdered thus, helpless and unknown to any friend! I accept my fate. Command your red assassins to strike sure," he said, addressing the white miscreant.

Their knives were lifted.

Unmoved and merciless, the soldier was about to order the savages to do their dreadful work, when a sharp, arresting cry caused the three murderers to look in the direction from which it came.

Two or three rapid exclamations in the Indian tongue followed, and bursting through the darkness a tall form was seen. It was White Wolf. He rushed up excited and indignant.

"Go tell your master," he said, sternly, to the corporal, "that you have returned from your foul mission; but do not say that it failed. Obey me, or you lose your miserable life. It is White Wolf that speaks."

The man trembled and looked most guilty. A few sharp words were spoken to the savages, and taking from the soldier his lantern, the chief motioned the three wretches toward the camp.

"Again you have saved my life—twice in one day!" cried Skale, in wonder and gratitude.

"Hush! not too loud. The White Wolf is glad he came in time. He heard the wicked orders of the great Colonel. He hastened to the tent wherein he had placed his friend. It was empty; he flew hither, and none too soon. The Long Rifle is feared by the great Colonel. He must not return to the camp. He is free."

The mysterious chief placed in the hands of Skale a rifle, together with powder and ball, and a scalping-knife.

"Go," he directed. "The Long Rifle can reach his countrymen at the fort ere another sun has set."

Overwhelmed with this unexpected kindness, the grateful man could only press the hand of his preserver in silence.

"Who are you?" at last he asked. "Why should you so befriend me?"

"Go," replied the chief. "We may meet again. The White Wolf would see his white friend once more—but to-night they must be little with each other. Danger may come of delay."

"One favor—one more favor," pleaded the scout. "White Wolf has power. He whose life he has twice saved this day, has friends still in danger; the maiden who is called the great Colonel's wife, and the beautiful girl whom the kind chief may also have seen. Will he aid them too?"

The chief shook his head sadly, as if he doubted that he could assist the fair prisoners.

"The White Wolf does not promise. He does not know that he can help them. The great Colonel is strong, The Long Rifle now must go. He is wounded and weary, and cannot move swiftly."

With a parting look of gratitude, the magnanimous white warrior was bidden adieu, and Hiram Skale, still wondering and rejoicing, disappeared in the deep woods. White Wolf stood for a moment, lantern in hand, gazing after him, and then, extinguishing the light, he turned and hastened back to the camp.

The scout, knowing the general position of the enemy's troops this side of the river, shaped his course so as to avoid falling in with any of their number. The danger was that prowling bands of savages might be met returning to the main body after having been abroad as spies or scouts, or going out in that capacity. He was weak and suffering from his wound and the many and unusual excitements of the day, and after placing himself, as he conjectured, beyond immediate danger, he concluded to go no further that night, but to rest until the morning. Therefore in the great gloomy forest he selected, as best he could, a place to lay his head, looked carefully to the priming of his rifle, felt the handle of his knife to assure himself that the weapon was there, and then, almost too tired to sleep, he reclined his limbs on the earth, with a grateful feeling of physical release. But though his body was in repose, his mind could not so easily be brought into quietude. Through his brain there thronged a constant confusion of thoughts and fancies—half dreams, half realities. The vision of the beautiful and wronged Liola appeared before him—of Isabel—of the wicked and revengeful Carleton—of the mysterious white chief who had that very day twice saved him from death. At last he fell into a condition more resembling that of natural slumber. For perhaps an hour the weary woodsman slept quietly. At the end of that time he began to grow uneasy, though he did not—could not wake. A horror seemed to bind his limbs—a dreadful presence was approaching him. Again thoughts of his late met enemy filled his brain—again he was led to the shadowy woods to be in cold blood murdered. Would White Wolf come once more to save him? He fancied that the ghastly gleam of the lantern was shining on his face. With a mighty effort he broke the spell of horror; the nightmare passed, but there still remained a dreadful reality. Hardly twelve paces from his head shone in the darkness a pair of awful eyes. Great God! they were those of a crouching panther about to spring upon the just wakened man. He instantly comprehended his danger. The slightest movement would doubtless bring the monster upon him, yet he must reach for his rifle. He silently moved his hands in the gloom until they were upon the weapon. Quick as a flash he brought it to bear upon the panther, and a startling report rung out upon the midnight air.

CHAPTER XX.

A DESPERATE VENTURE—NEWS FOR THE GARRISON.

Major Hallowell was confined in the very tent mentioned as standing next to the one from which Skale had been taken by the secret orders of Alfred Carleton to be slain in the forest. Yet he had not seen the approach of his friend, and did not know how near for a brief period they were to each other. The Major had several companions, all of whom had been captured previous to the investment of Fort Meigs. They had belonged to General Winchester's army, and were all excellent woodsmen and daring scouts. The fact that they were confined in the very centre of the encampment seemed to preclude the hope of immediate escape; yet the brains of the prisoners were actively at work, pondering their chances and suggesting various plans to gain their freedom.

"Are we kept for exchange, I wonder," remarked one, "or are we to be sent northward soon, and perhaps be scalped on the way."

"We have mighty good care taken of us at any rate," said another. "But I'm afeered it means no good."

"Silence in there!" cried the sentry near the door of the tent. "No talkin' after dark."

"Ef I war 'lowed to hev one dig at ye with a scalpin' knife, ye sassy red-coat," muttered an old, bronze-faced borderer, "I'd larn ye how to keep still yerself."

"Hold yer gab, boys," whispered a younger man. "Can't we manage to get that Britisher in here without makin' no noise, and put one o' our own fellers on guard in his place. Harper thar, fur instance would fit in the chap's clothes powerful well. Do ye take?"

A murmur of assent showed that their comrade's idea was comprehended. A plan was quickly formed. Two of the prisoners pretended to get into an altercation, knowing that the sound of their voices would bring the sentry upon them, after recently warning them to be silent. The ruse worked as desired.

"I say you, in there," called the soldier, coming to the door again, "keep still or I'll pin ye." He thrust in his bayonet, but at that moment a couple of the prisoners who had stationed themselves as close as possible to the entrance, sprung upon him, and before he could utter a cry he was knocked senseless, gagged, and after being stripped, bound. His uniform was quickly placed on one of the prisoners, and taking the sentry's musket, the bold fellow went outside, and began placing the beat as if he were the proper guard.

"I say, Harper," spoke one humorously, "you won't be hard on us, will you? If a feller wanted to pass you wouldn't order him back, I hope."

"All right, Bowman; I understand. Don't foller each other too fast, though. Wait an hour yet; the guard has just been changed—not countin' this last time"—he chuckled, "and I'll be safe till they're around again."

Their plan was to steal away one by one when the camp-fires had died down, crouch undiscovered if possible in the shadows, and when all had left the tent make a sudden rush past the pickets for the woods. Some might fall but the majority would probably escape. The sudden hope of being able to assist his betrothed came to the Major with almost bewildering force. She was not far away he felt, yet he knew not the exact spot of her confinement. Yet he would not leave the camp without making an effort to find her. Should he ask the assistance of the others, or rely on his own exertions to release her? He feared that the result would be unfortunate to them if an alarm should be prematurely given, for if retaken every one of them would probably be shot.—Whereas, if he were to go first from the tent, search for Isabel, and if successful, join them with her and make the final venture together, it might be better for all. If he failed in discovering her, or in releasing her when discovered, he alone would be left to suffer the enemy's vengeance. Therefore he resolved to adopt the latter plan, hazardous as it was to himself. He briefly informed his companions of his intentions and requested permission to leave the tent first, that he might have abundant time for his search. It was with a full appreciation of the difficulty and danger of his undertaking that, when the camp-fires had almost expired, he crept cautiously out, avoiding the sentinels, the beat of whose footsteps he could hear in the darkness around him. His course was directed to a line of marquees, not distant from the tent that had been his prison. He had observed them during the day, and though he was not positive of the fact of her presence, had watched them with a mighty interest, hoping to assure himself that she whom he so loved was confined in one of them. As we know, his conjecture was correct.

Oh, if some good chance or some guiding providence would direct him aright! He moved stealthily on, now pausing flat on the ground till a sentry's back was turned toward him, now peering anxiously through the gloom in the direction from which some slight sound had reached his ears. At last he arrived at the rear of one of the central tents. He crouched low in the shadows and listened, for the voices of persons, engaged in earnest conversation, were to be heard.

"What do you propose doing with the girl, Martin?" asked one, who, though unknown to Major Hallowell, was the infamous Colonel Carleton.

"Do with her!" exclaimed the person addressed—that other villain, Martin Spike—in reply; "I will show you when I recover. Curse her! to wound me just now. I intend to break her devilish spirit, and bring her under, meek as a squaw."

The blood of the listener boiled with anger at these cowardly words. Was it his own Isabel who was thus referred to? It must be. And she had already suffered insult from this wretch! the same, no doubt, whom, as they entered the camp, they had met; and of whom Isabel and himself had at that time expressed abhorence. Had Earnest Hallowell been armed—he carried no weapon but a broken knife-blade that one of the scouts had given him; it is probable that, forgetting his prudence in his indignation, he would have attacked this villain, who, to his wonder, he had heard say was already wounded, and by *her*. By whom? By Isabel? Had the wretch more than insulted her then? And had she used her pistols in defence?

Most intently, after the fire of his anger permitted him, the lover listened to what was further said. He hoped that something would be spoken that would give him a clue to the captive's exact whereabouts.

"Have you seen her since yesterday?" inquired the first speaker.

"No; I'm not able to move—and I thought I would leave her to herself for a time."

"I asked," said Carleton, "because, as you know, I have been on the other side of the river, and have heard nothing from you. I would like to know your intentions as to what disposition you intend to make of the girl. I am troubled about Liola. There is a whisper among the officers, that the siege is to be abandoned; and as we shall have to retreat, where shall the two girls be conveyed?"

"Why, to Malden, of course."

The siege to be abandoned! The two girls to be taken to Malden! With what a thrill Earnest Hallowell heard these words. Then came perplexity. *Two* prisoners had been spoken of. *Was there* then a second captive in the hands of these men?

At this moment the attention of the listener was rudely attracted in another direction. Some confusion seemed rising near the centre of the camp—and instantly following, a musket was discharged.

"Great heavens!" thought the Major, as he leaped to his feet. "The game is up! We are discovered. I cannot assist Isabel. Can I save myself?" All this passed through his mind like a flash; and knowing the impossibility of now rescuing his betrothed, and the danger of death if he were recaptured, he determined to break through the lines if he could.

All was now excitement and confusion. Reaching the denser forest unseen, or at least unchallenged, the young man struck boldly out into the wilderness, hearing as he went the yells and cries of those in pursuit of the escaped borderers. Very near him once came the sound of footsteps. He sprang noiselessly into the thick branches of a tree and had the satisfaction of knowing that his enemies were passing on, unaware of his presence.

The siege probably to be raised! These words rung in his ears unceasingly. At every hazard to himself he must reach the fort, if possible, with these tidings. Perhaps the garrison was on the verge of surrender; but this news would encourage them to hold out.

Descending from his hiding-place, he hastened on, resolved to reach the river without attempting to avoid his foes by passing far to the rear of the encampment and the batteries, which would have been the safer though slower course. Every remaining hour of that night he struggled on, animated with his noble purpose, and just as the morning began to lighten somewhat the heavy gloom of the woods, he emerged therefrom and found himself on the shore of the Maumee some distance above the fort and the opposite besieging batteries. For an hour he lay concealed near the river, gathering strength for his next desperate venture which was to swim the stream to the stronghold of his friends.

Divesting himself of nearly all his clothing, he stole silently down to the water, entered and struck out with the steady, confident stroke of an accomplished and determined swimmer for the friendly fort.

If Isabel had only been rescued and placed in safety, how proud, how happy he would have been! As it was, though he was pained as he thought of her, he rejoiced to be the bearer of glad tidings to his countrymen.

He neared the fort; he was discovered by the sentinels; a boat was sent out to his assistance, and very soon it reached his side, and he was taken on board. The balls of the besiegers were by this time flying thickly around, ricocheting across the water, flinging the foam about the little craft, but injuring not one of the daring men. The boat was headed for the shore; a few strong strokes of the oars drove it upon the sand, and the party sprung out, and sought shelter from the flying missiles.

Major Hallowell eagerly entered the works, asking to be taken immediately before the General, requesting the loan of a coat that his appearance might not be so entirely unpresentable, though he well knew that in consideration of the news he brought he would have been welcomed had he sought the presence of the commandant without a single garment upon him. As he approached the headquarters of Harrison to his infinite joy he met Colonel Westburn. The latter was equally rejoiced to see him.

"You have escaped!" exclaimed the Colonel, grasping his hand. "Thank God! but what of Isabel?"

"She is in the camp, alive and well, as I believe. I have much to tell and explain, my dear friend, but first must see the General, for I have what may prove to be important information for the army. You will accompany me?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Have others of our party besides yourself escaped?" asked the young man, with deep interest.

"Bransley, Brace, Williams and Wismer are in. Milly is also with us, but of the Captain and his men we have heard nothing, and have little hope."

The Major sighed.

"And Skale?" he asked.

"Is supposed to be dead," answered the Colonel, sorrowfully. They had reached the General's quarters and without delay were admitted. After brief salutations, Major Hallowell stated that he had the previous night left the camp of the enemy, detailing the manner of his escape, and relating what he had overheard, listening at the marquee.

"This is grateful news," said General Harrison. "The siege has been pressed with great vigor, and we feared, though resolved on defence to the last, that we should eventually be overcome. You cannot say by whom the words you overheard were spoke?"

"I could not ascertain," replied Earnest. "The speaker was invisible, and his companion did not address him by his military title. I was about to slit the canvass that I might behold him, when the alarm was given, and I was forced to flee. From the position of the tent and the fact that it was a marquee, I am induced to think that the speaker must have been an officer of rank, acquainted in a measure with the contemplated movements of the army."

"It is very likely," returned the General. "Your information is cheering and valuable, and you deserve the thanks of the garrison for the fearless manner in which you have conveyed it. You shall not be forgotten in my reports."

The young soldier bowed at this compliment, modestly disclaiming any expectation of formal reward or promotion.

"I have one favor to ask of you, General," he said, respectfully, "which is that you will permit me to return to the enemy's camp in company with a few companions I will select. There is one in the hands of our foes in whose welfare I am deeply interested—a lady, sir, the daughter of my friend here, Col. Philip Westburn."

The Major's face was covered with a manly blush as he spoke, and the feelings of the lover showed in his earnest and agitated manner. A look of comprehension passed over the General's features.

"Ah! I understand," he said. "Colonel Westburn has already preferred a similar request, having reference to the same individual. I sympathize deeply with you both, and accede at once to your request. I have already promised the Colonel such assistance, and you are at liberty to act immediately. The enterprise, you are aware, must be very hazardous."

"I fully understand that," answered the young man. "But singly, or with others, I will attempt the rescue of Miss Westburn."

"You will have no difficulty in obtaining volunteers, believe me, for our men are quick to offer their services in behalf of the weak and unfortunate. Col. Westburn has informed me of his daughter's captivity, and though my warmest wish is for the young lady's immediate release, until now I have not thought it wise to encourage the attempt. We have been closely held by the besiegers, the disastrous result of the insubordination of Col. Dudley's men, weakening our defensive force considerably."

Expressing their gratitude to the generous commandant, Colonel Westburn and Major Hallowell left his quarters. The Major soon had the pleasure of grasping the hands of the gallant scouts from whom he had become separated at different periods since the shipwreck.

"Powerful glad to see ye, Major," said Simon Brace, after a vigorous hand-shaking. "We've all o' us had a desprit hard tug o' it, but we're all come through with our scalps tight. Poor Miss Isabel, she's left behind, though it does me a mighty sight o' good to know she ar still a livin'. We'll find her yet, and Simon Brace wants to be one o' the party wot brings her in. He'll leave his ears and his scalp behind, cheerful, of that ar gal kin only see safety once more; or he'll leave his whole carcass for that matter."

"Thank you, my brave old friend," said Earnest, deeply touched by the borderer's devotedness to the captive one. He knew that the scout meant every word that he uttered, and would give his life, if thereby Isabel could be restored to her friends.

The Major proceeded to the quarters of Colonel Westburn, where suitable clothing was found for him, and where he rested awhile, after the perils and excitements of the past twenty-four hours. Just after noon, while Colonel Westburn and the Major were eating their frugal garrison dinner, consulting about Isabel and the best plan for attempting her rescue, a bustle some rods distant—a gathering of men as if around a newcomer—attracted their attention. They arose and went forward with some interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NEW NOVELET.

In the first number of January next (being the paper of January 6th) we shall commence in THE POST a new Novelet. Send in your subscriptions and orders early.

PERCIVAL HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

There was a shriek from the locomotive; then a jerk, a swaying movement, and in a moment the train moved away.

I, Kent Dinsmore, was aboard. I had just made the train; ten seconds later, and I should have been too late. The city of P—— was my home, and it was that place from which we were whirling. I was going forty miles out in the country to spend a few days for recreation. I had been working pretty hard all summer, in my father's law office, and needed a little rest. So this pleasant September day, I had taken my valise in my hand and jumped on the train.

My destination was called Laurel. I had been there quite frequently in the past. In fact, it was the resort to which I always went when I wished a few days of simple country pleasures. I could run out to Laurel, hunt and fish, and breathe the pure air of the country, whenever business did not press on the office too hard, and be greatly benefitted, so far as health was concerned, by so doing.

I believe the foregoing is all that is necessary in explanation. As for myself, I will merely state that I am a pretty fair sort of a young man—about on a par, I presume, with a dozen young fellows of your acquaintance; tolerably handsome; sensible enough, as the word goes; and with money enough to enable me to travel comfortably through the world. I had studied law because I liked it, and work at it still for about the same reason. I will not read you a sermon on idleness—but will say that I think every man ought to have some calling, no matter how much money he is worth.

The train sped along, and I sat in the ladies' car reading a paper. I was acquainted with the conductor, and was allowed the privilege of going into any car that I pleased.

Presently I lifted my eyes from my paper, caused to do so by a subtile influence, and found that a pair of very bright ones were fixed upon my face. They belonged, I noticed instantly, to an extraordinarily pretty young lady who sat in a seat on the opposite side of the car from me; she, as I, occupied a seat by herself, the car not being at all crowded.

She looked at me for a moment longer, and then smiling, reached out her hand toward me. I was a little surprised, as I did not have even the most remote idea who she was. I rose, and steadying myself by the car seat, stepped toward her. She gave me her hand, which I, of course, grasped.

"How are you, Mr. Hague!" she said.

I saw there was a mistake—but before I could speak the locomotive shrieked, and a moment later we were plunging through a tunnel. I didn't consider it necessary to let go of her hand, and for probably fifteen seconds, very pleasant ones, I retained it.

"I beg your pardon," I said, as the light of day streamed into the car once more, dropping her hand, "but my name is not Hague."

She started and drew herself away a little coldly.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were Mr. Hague."

She looked as if she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"I am Kent Dinsmore, at your service," I said, handing her my card.

She took it, and then looked out the window. That was very discouraging, and I withdrew to my seat. I was a little piqued, and for two minutes did not look in her direction. Then I stole a furtive glance that way. Her face rested in her hand, and her eyes were fixed upon my card, which was lying in her lap. A combined expression of vexation and amusement was on her face. Altogether, she made a very delicious picture. For some reason or other I felt a thrill at my heart. Then I smiled to myself. Was I a boy to be smitten by a pretty face that I was seeing casually, and would in all probability never see again after to-day? Not I, indeed.

Then I pulled out my newspaper and began to read. But I didn't do so with any degree of satisfaction. And I could not forbear occasionally casting a glance in the direction of that bewitching face. I discovered her once or twice looking toward me.

At last, with a laugh, she reached out her hand toward me. It held a card, which I took, with my heart beating a little more rapidly than was necessary, I must confess. With a feeling of disappointment I read my own card. Asking myself what made me so foolish, I mechanically turned it over. My heart beat quicker than ever, for there, on the opposite side, pencil'ed in delicate characters, was a name. I comprehended it with a glance. "Mabel Carrington" was what she had written.

I took out another card and wrote on it: "Miss Carrington, I am very happy to make your acquaintance."

I had just handed it to her, when the whistles blew, and in an instant I heard "Laurel" announced. I bit my lip with vexation. I thought it was too bad that just as I was beginning to get acquainted with my enchantress, my destination should be reached. I gathered up my valise with a heavy heart, and was just about to bid her good-bye, when the conductor came along.

"This is your destination, I believe," he said to Miss Carrington.

Of course I heard that joyfully.

"With her permission I will take charge of the young lady," I said quickly.

And I did. We were soon off the train. As for Laurel, there was very little of it.

"Whither shall I escort you?" I asked of Miss Carrington, as we stood on the platform.

"I am going to Percival House," she said. "I believe, Mr. Dinsmore, I will trouble you no further."

"I am going to Percival House myself," I said quietly, "and unless you object I shall walk up with you."

She did not object, and I sauntered along by her side. I considered myself lucky. The same station and the same house! I could not possibly have ruled it better myself. I had always stopped at Percival House when I came out to Laurel, Tom Percival being a personal friend of mine. I dare say you have received the impression that Percival House is a hotel. It is no such thing, but simply a pleasant country residence.

Miss Carrington and I got on very well together during our walk, and we both laughed heartily at her mistaking me for an acquaintance. I presume that my announcing that I was going to Percival's set at rest any doubts she might have as to my respectability. And of course if one is going to occupy the same house with another for some time, they might as well get on friendly terms with them one time as another.

So the walk of half a mile was very pleasant indeed. We reached a vine-covered cottage at last. In the avenue stood a sign, with the words "Percival House" upon it.

And Miss Carrington and I were about as well acquainted as if we had known each other for months, when I rang the bell at the door.

She had been staying at the Percivals for some weeks and had gone to P—— a few days before to spend a short time, taking the cars to return, as we have seen, on that same day that I did to go out.

CHAPTER II.

I learned to love Miss Carrington. She was so sweet and beautiful that I could not help it. I suppose that she was to be my fate, and in that the story is told. I had lived for twenty-four years untouched by Cupid's arrows, but at last he had reached my heart.

I knew that I would love her from almost the very first. I suppose that I had seen other women as beautiful, as sensible probably, as accomplished, but none had ever touched my heart as I found very shortly she was doing. The very first glance of her eye had thrilled me; the very first touch of her hand made my blood course swiftly through my veins with delight.

I cannot tell you why all this was so. Ah! have I the secret of love? Not I, indeed. It is a sweet mystery; that is about all that I can say about it. I know not why I should have met a thousand ladies and never have loved till Mabel Carrington crossed my path, and then I cannot tell why I should have realized my love for her from almost the very first moment.

But I was not very quick to tell her that I loved her. For awhile it seemed enough to be near her; to talk with her at times; to have her sing and play for me, and so on. Then when I found that I desired to tell her of my love, it seemed very hard to do. More, might I not lose her altogether? If she did not love me, when I should speak, would it not cause us to part? Indeed it would, for I felt that I could not bear to be near her when she should tell me that she could not love me. You know that love must be doubtful of its object till it is assured of it.

And she? Well her manner betrayed nothing. She treated me kindly and cordially. Beyond that I could discover nothing.

So the days sped away, and I did not find courage to tell her that I loved her.

One evening in October a half-dozen additional guests came to Percival House to spend a few days. Among them was a gentleman called Beckwith. He was an old acquaintance of Mabel Carrington I discovered very shortly. They told me that he was quite wealthy.

I did not form a favorable impression of the man. He was a little too smooth to suit me, gentlemanly enough, it is true, but the tiger's paw is like velvet till the cruel fangs are thrust forth. And I decided that Mr. Beckwith's nature would not prove so easy and pleasant as it seemed if something should be done to cross him; if for instance he should not succeed in his love affairs.

I was not very long in finding out that the attraction that had brought him to Percival House was none other than Mabel Carrington. Perhaps *my* love made me quick to see in this respect; at any rate I would have been willing to swear before he had been there three days that he loved her with as strong a love as he was capable of.

Most certainly this did not add anything to my peace of mind. To see Mr. Beckwith bending over her when she played and sang, turning her music for her, or for him to escort her when we went on excursions, or any thing of the kind, was decidedly unpleasant to me. And at times I became miserable and even hopeless.

Did she love him? I feared that she might, and that fear was utter pain. Did she love me? O how could I presume to hope that she did!

Sometimes I thought that she treated me with a little less favor than she did him. That she was a little readier to be his partner in croquet than in mine, or to sing for him than me. I am only of ordinary stuff, and of course such things made me miserably jealous, and very cross towards Mr. Beckwith. To be sure I did not show this, but it was true nevertheless. To tell the truth, I think I treated him at such times with a little extra politeness.

At last I resolved to remain in suspense no longer. I felt that I could not endure it. Around Mabel Carrington all the brightness and sunshine and glory of my life seemed to centre. I must know whether the brightness of her love was to illumine my pathway or not. So I decided that the very first opportunity, I would give her a chance to decide my fate.

I made that decision in my own room. Going down stairs I found Miss Carrington in the parlor by herself. Was this my opportunity? With my heart beating rapidly, I concluded that it was.

A few commonplace remarks passed between us. I found that each moment my courage was growing weaker. I decided that I must be bold.

I moved over to the sofa, where Miss Carrington was sitting, and placed myself beside her.

"I have something of importance to say to you," I said suddenly. She made no reply and I continued.

"Miss Carrington, I love you!" I said. She turned her face toward me with a somewhat startled expression on it. She blushed, but still said nothing. I grasped her hand, the touch of which thrilled me with ecstasy.

"I love you with all my heart," I repeated.

Her head bent low over her hand, which I still held.

"You have known me for but a very short time, Mr. Dinsmore," she murmured.

"Long enough to find out that you are the one woman of all the world for me," I cried passionately. "Can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

She raised her face till her eyes met mine. There was something in them that made my heart beat rapturously.

"Mr. Dinsmore"—she commenced, when a slight sound at the door attracted our attention. We turned in that direction and there stood Mr. Beckwith. Miss Carrington released her hand, and Beckwith advanced into the room without seeming to see us at first. He let his glance fall on us presently with a start of well affected surprise.

"Halloo! Dinsmore, Miss Carrington! you here," he exclaimed. "Pon my word, I half believe you have been making love to each other."

Mabel looked at him haughtily, but made no reply. Beckwith's tone was light, but I saw a wicked gleam in his eyes, while his lips often were white with rage, and his finger nails were piercing the palms of his hands.

I hardly knew what to do. There was nothing insulting in the man's tone or words. Yet I was perfectly well satisfied that he had overheard at least a portion of what had been said to Mabel by me, and that he would have taken pleasure in striking me to the floor.

Mabel acted like herself. Rising to her feet, she bowed and left the parlor.

CHAPTER III.

I had gone out to an arbor in the garden, and finding no one in it, went around behind it and threw myself on a rustic bench there. It was on the afternoon of the same day upon which I had told Mabel Carrington I loved her. I lit a cigar, and smoking it, soon got myself into a dreamy, listless state. I had been there some time when I heard some one enter the arbor. I did not know who it was, and was too much absorbed in myself and my thoughts to rise and go and see. Shortly, some one else entered. After an instant of silence, I heard a voice, the voice of Mr. Beckwith, say:

"Remain seated, Miss Carrington."

"I must go to the house," she replied.

I had risen to a sitting posture, not yet realizing that I might hear something not intended for my ears.

"Stay," Beckwith answered. "I want you to listen to me. You know I have followed you here because I love you. Can you not bid me hope?"

I was fully aroused now. But what could I do? I felt a delicacy about making my presence known at that time. Although I felt that this man was my rival for the love of Mabel Carrington, I regretted that I was learning what I had no right to learn. Yet I had heard Beckwith's secret, and it would be very embarrassing for me to discover myself now.

I heard no response to Beckwith's question, and after a moment's silence he continued:

"I say, Miss Carrington, I love you. Will you marry me?"

My heart beat wildly. I became lost to all other considerations in the great question: What if she should love him? I trembled violently as I waited for her reply. It seemed to me that my destiny as well as Beckwith's hung upon it. The reply came soon.

"Mr. Beckwith, I am sorry for you," Mabel said, "but—"

She paused, and I fancied that Beckwith must have set his teeth hard. "Go on," he said.

"I do not love you, and cannot be your wife," she added. "I did not know that you followed me here because you loved me. I may have guessed it."

Something like a smothered curse broke from the man's lips.

"That fool, Dinsmore—" he began; but before he could add any more, Miss Carrington swept from the arbor.

Then I heard his muttered imprecations. They were chiefly upon my head. I heard something of death and vengeance, and that was about all.

I believed the man a villain, but his threats did not affect me. I felt that I was fully able to take care of myself in any encounter with such as he.

I do not know that I am a coward, but I did not consider it necessary to rush around into the arbor and take him by the throat for the cursing that he was giving me. It was not injuring me in the least; to tell the truth, I rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

During the next day I had no opportunity of discovering Miss Carrington's sentiments towards me. She seemed to be rather avoiding me than otherwise.

On the morning of the succeeding day I took my gun for an hour's hunt through the woods that stretched away a short distance back from Percival House. I rambled on for one or two miles, and then started back in a more circuitous way, with which I was very familiar. Nothing worthy of mention occurred for some time. I did not even shoot a pheasant.

But when I was within three-quarters of a mile of Percival House, I heard something that caused my steps to quicken. It was the sound of a woman's voice calling as if she were in distress. I hastened forward, and very soon was able to distinguish the words, "Spare me!"

It was only a narrow woodland path that I was traversing.

"Spare me!" the voice repeated.

Heavens! it was the voice of Mabel Carrington. I dashed forward with wild speed, and a few instants later came to the edge of a little dell. Almost in the centre of it was Mabel. But she was not alone. Beckwith stood by her, grasping both hands in one of his, while in his other he held a gleaming dagger.

"Swear that you will never marry Kent Dinsmore, or I will kill you," he cried.

"I cannot, I cannot," she sobbed.

"Curse him!" Beckwith exclaimed. "He shall never have you! I will kill you and myself both first! I hate him to the death!"

Neither of them saw me. The girl's face was white with terror.

"Will you swear?" Beckwith exclaimed.

"Mr. Beckwith, indeed I cannot," Mabel said; "for—" She stopped.

"You love him!" Beckwith cried fiercely.

The girl raised her eyes to his face piteously.

"You will have to kill me," she said, brokenly. "That is my crime."

"You love him?"

"Am I to die?"

"Unless you swear."

"I do."

Beckwith's face became absolutely convulsed with rage. He lifted the dagger over his head, and—

My nerves had become steady, my muscles like cords of steel. I had already pulled back the hammer of my rifle; lifting it now, I took a quick aim, and in an instant a line of blue smoke shot out from the barrel. Beckwith gave a wild shriek, and the dagger dropped from his nerveless grasp. I had shot him through the arm that held it. I rushed forward, and Mabel fell fainting in my arms.

"Villain, go!" I shouted to Beckwith, "before I slay you, the would-be assassin of a helpless girl. Go, and never cross our paths more."

And, with his shattered arm hanging helplessly by his side, he went.

* * * * * * *

Mabel has been my wife for three years. After the great steamboat disaster, in 1868, in which the steamers America and United States collided between Louisville and Cincinnati, Beckwith's name appeared in the list of those who had perished. And Mabel and I are happy in each other's love.

☞ While the jailer of the prison at Lancaster (*N. H.*,) was in the cell of a convict named Horn, the other day, the latter quietly slipped out, locked in his keeper and walked out unmolested. The jailer remained in prison several hours before he could make himself heard and gain a release, and meantime Horn made good his escape.

☞ So many overcoats changed hands at the Academy of Music in New York last week, that if a man now appears there in public with a good coat on, he is immediately asked if he has been to the Russian ball.

☞ A ruralist at Newport, seeing a lady driving, and her groom with folded arms behind, thought "that nigger must pay that nice looking girl a pile to drive his carriage for him.

KATIE'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

"Well, Sallie, you may talk as long as you will, but I really must adhere to my first opinion—that Mr. Davis is very timid, for a man. Oh! you need not bridle up in that way! I do not mean that he is a coward, not at least as cowardice is generally understood. But I will maintain that he is timid and bashful—else why does he keep beating about the bush so long? Never mind looking so innocent, sister mine—one can see with half an eye that he is desperately in love with you, and—well, upon my word!"

This latter exclamation burst in amused wonder from the speaker's lips, as her elder sister suddenly swept from the room—not so quickly, however, but that her tormentor caught a glimpse of the crimsoned, agitated face which Sallie had in vain sought to conceal.

"Upon my word!" again ejaculated the mischievous elf, as she gravely shook her clustering ringlets back from her forehead. "Well, well! My 'madcap tongue' as Sallie calls it, has led to a wonderful discovery! So that proud, haughty, stately young lady is in love at last! Well, I do declare! Professor Wragg was quite right in saying that many of the greatest discoveries have been made by accident. Here have I not been home a week from the scene of my triumphant exit from school discipline—when, in trying to discover whether I was right in my surmise that Mr. Davis is in love with Sallie, I happen upon the knowledge that she is in the scrape. Instead of one, there are a 'pair of 'em!'

"What a condition of affairs! Mr. Davis loves Sallie, and Sallie loves him: but he, like the rest of mankind, is too stupid to see that, so he holds back in fear, leaving poor Sallie in uncertainty. But I'll fix him, that I will. Just let me see now."

And the young girl nestled down into a large arm-chair, and thought intent for some half an hour; how much longer her reverie might have lasted, had not the quiet which surrounded the old farm-house been disturbed by the sound of a horse's feet advancing up the avenue, it would be difficult to determine.

As it was, the crouching of the gravel attracted her attention, and with one bound she reached a window which commanded a view of the grand, old-fashioned porch, and of the drive before it.

"There he is now, just as I suspected, come to spend the afternoon with Sallie, the bashful swain. Ah! he is bowing now, so Sallie must be on the porch. That is glorious for me. How fortunate that I have not yet told Sallie how nicely I deceived our whole class of graduates, and even the crusty old professor in the bargain. Sister will no more suspect me in my fortune-teller's dress, than did they, and if I cannot manage to infuse a little more hope and courage into Will Davis's faint heart, why then I am a disgrace to my new profession, and shall retire in disgust. Now, let me think—I must guard against Sallie's seeking me while I am not here.

A vigorous pull at the bell-rope, which hung conveniently near, brought a neat-looking waiting maid to the door.

"Mary," and "madcap Katie" struggled in vain to assume a becoming gravity. "If Miss Sallie asks for me, tell her that I have gone to see that poor sick woman in the village."

The instant the servant's steps died away in the distance, Katie sprang to the door and locked it, even adopting the precaution of hanging an apron upon the knob, that no eye might by any chance penetrate her secret by means of the keyhole.

Then she danced across the room, and throwing open a half unpacked trunk, drew therefrom several articles which seemed strangely out of place amidst the tasteful, expensive garments by which they were surrounded.

One by one Katie held them up before her, a low, musical laugh rippling from her lips as she looked upon them. A strange collection, in sooth, to form part of a fashionable young lady's wardrobe.

An old plaid calico sun-bonnet, with a full, stiff cape, a long loose green and white plaid sack of the same material, an old pair of shoes, much larger than necessary, a pair of blue spectacles, ragged gloves, and more incongruous, if possible, than all these, a red dress, covered with sprawling yellow figures, a dress such as would cause the eyes of a genuine young gypsy woman to sparkle with delight.

Ten minutes later our mischievous friend stood before the mirror, fully equipped in this strange costume, save that her beautiful curls yet drooped over the laughing face, whose clear brunette was momentarily becoming darker and redder under the skillful manipulations of her busy fingers.

"Now then, I will throw my large mantle over this dress, tuck the sun-bonnet under my arm, and with my hat on, no one who may chance to meet me will suspect that I am not in my usual costume. I told no untruth when I left word that I was going to the village. I am going there after I have told those two foolish persons on the porch yonder their fortunes."

"There, Miss Sallie," exclaimed Will Davis, "there comes one of the very tribe of gypsies that I have been telling you of. She is in haste to visit you, I think. Her friends can scarcely have pitched their tents yet: for it has not been two hours since their chief asked my permission to settle down in my grove."

"She is an old woman, too," said Sallie, "and how fantastically she is dressed—in real gypsy fashion, even though she is so feeble that she uses a cane. Hush! here she is."

"Day to ye, my leddy and gentleman. Bless your young faces: and will ye let the old gypsy woman tell your fortunes, my dears? It will be blithe fortunes ye will have—that much I see in your bonny faces. Come, now, let the gypsy tell your fortunes, gentlefolks."

A few moments hesitation, and a low-spoken consultation—and then, while the gypsy rested her shaking limbs on the steps, Will Davis, laughingly, held out his hand for her inspection; first, however, crossing her own with silver, "both for the lady and himself."

But the gypsy demurred to this mode of procedure: the gentleman must not come first, or bad fortune would come to him: his sister should precede him.

So Davis, without in the least disclaiming the relationship, stepped aside, giving place to the half-timid maiden.

But again the fortune-teller objected.

"Young sir, will ye just go further off? It spoils a fortune to have two to hear it."

Will Davis, half laughing, half vexed, retired as requested, and then the old woman, without further delay, took Sallie's white hand in her own, and slowly, traced the lines upon it.

Now Miss Sallie Bergh was not at all inclined to place implicit faith in any revelations that might be made to her, even by the most skillful fortune-teller the world contained—nor, whatever were her failings, was superstition included in the list—nevertheless, when the old gypsy's gloved finger travelled slowly over her palm, the plaid sunbonnet, with its imposing cape, being gravely shaken the while—the young lady repented of her rash compliance with the weird creature's request.

Repented of it, even though she learned that she was "loved by a tall, dark young man, who was at that moment not far distant, but who needed encouragement from her to declare his love."

"The stars never lie, Miss," concluded the gypsy, "and they have written it in your palm that ye will be married before this time next year, and ye will have a good husband, and be happy. Blessings on ye, Miss."

Sallie now stepped within the house, and Davis advanced to the fortune-teller.

"Be quick, good woman," he said, casting an uneasy glance toward the parlor window, whence the bright, girlish face that was so dear to him looked smilingly out.

"It's a blithe fortune is yours, sir. A happy and long life is before ye. Ye will marry, and very soon. Ye have met the leddy already, sir, and a bonny leddy she is, with dark-brown hair, and brown eyes, like your sister, that sits there at the window now. Ye've got one fault, sir, ye're too timid. Ye love the bonny leddy, and she loves you, but ye are too faint-hearted to speak it out to her, and hear her say 'yes,' and so maybe, after all, ye'll not get the leddy, for some one else may snatch her from ye. Be brave, speak out, sir, and remember the poor old gypsy woman in your joy."

Leaving the bewildered young man standing speechless on the steps, the fortune-teller hobbled slowly away, and as she disappeared in the thick grove that partially concealed the road to the village, Will Davis drew a long breath.

"She is right, that strange old creature," he murmured. "'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Yes, the gypsy is right; I will no longer yield to my unmanly cowardice. I will in, and learn my real fortune from that sweet girl's own lips, and Heaven grant that the gypsy be right in this also, that she loves me! But, ah! that would be too great happiness for me, all unworthy as I am. But away, faint heart! no more hesitation! I will be brave, and meet my fate like a man."

"Here comes Katie from her visit to the village," said Sallie, an hour later.

She was standing at the window, and as she spoke, young Davis came to her side, and gently stole his arm around her.

"Shall we tell her now, my dearest?" he whispered. "Yes? That is well then, for I am so happy that I long to tell of it. But," he added, doubtfully, "perhaps she will not—"

His words were interrupted by the appearance of the young lady in question, rather more speedily than either of the pair had anticipated, for Will Davis's arm was still clasped around Sallie's waist, and very foolish they both looked, as mischievous Katie paused abruptly on the threshold, and threw up her hands in mock horror of the scene.

"Sallie Bergh! I do declare!—"

But Davis interrupted her.

"Sallie Davis, soon to be! Congratulate me, Miss Katie!"

And Katie did congratulate him, assuring him of her belief that she would, by the exercise of that patience of which she possessed so large a store, be able to tolerate him as a brother-in-law.

Her gray eyes sparkled with mirth as Davis proceeded to tell her, how, during her absence in the village, a gypsy woman had foretold his present good fortune, and in so doing had given him courage to go forward and realize in very truth the joy she had predicted.

"I shall seek her out," concluded Will, "and reward her; but for her I should still be in the suspense I have found it so hard to bear."

"What will you give her, pray?" asked Katie.

"Anything she may choose to ask so that it be not too unreasonable."

A few moments later Katie left the room, and directly afterwards a slight rustle at the door attracted the lovers' attention.

Looking up they perceived, to their surprise, the identical old gypsy woman standing in the doorway.

She made a deep courtesy, and hobbling across the floor, stood before them in silence; for an instant only, however: then she extended one hand, while with the other she cast off her sunbonnet, revealing the laughing face of "madcap Katie."

"Money, if you please, sir, for the poor old gypsy's village pensioners."

And Will Davis, so soon as he could sufficiently recover himself, assured the "poor old gypsy" that she should be "liberally rewarded" as soon as he could gain access to his private drawer, in his study, some two miles away.

"I'll trust you till then," said Katie, and with a gleeful laugh she bounded away to lay aside the fortune-teller's dress which had done such good service.

A HEROIC CABIN BOY.

During one of the wars between England and France, a fine English merchant ship was pursued by a French vessel of war. The English commander, finding capture inevitable, quietly retired to his cabin, and resigned himself to his fate. Not so, however, with his heroic little cabin boy, Charles Wager. He had formed a scheme by which he hoped to save his own ship and capture the threatening enemy fast bearing down upon them; and he had no sooner communicated his plan to the crew than they heartily agreed with it, placed themselves under his orders, and awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was soon alongside, and immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the conquerors, elated with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzaing, and not foreseeing any danger, left but few men on board their own ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel. While some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, and soon overpowered the few left on board, the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero, now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, placed her out of boarding distance, and hailed with the voice of a conqueror the discomfited crowd of Frenchmen who were left on board the peaceful bark he had just quitted, ordering them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of the water—a threat they well knew he was very capable of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase. They sorrowfully acquiesced with his commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize.

The exploit excited universal applause. The master of the merchant vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprize as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wagner had planned, and that to him alone belonged the honor and credit of the achievement.—Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an Admiral, and became Sir Charles Wager.

☞ A little girl not far from Schenectady, after noticing for some time the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

Love versus Wealth.

A FARCICAL SKETCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CALEB BURT.

Robert Montgomery, or as his friends called him, Bob Monty, was short, not in height, no, he was full six feet in his stockings, and proportionately broad and handsome, I tell you—Adonis, Apollo, or any of those beauties couldn't hold a candle to him, as the saying is—and yet he was short. How? you ask. Why short in pocket, to be sure, "Dead broke," as he himself termed it.

Yes, circumstances had combined and conspired, as it were, and Bob was on the brink of ruin, pecuniarily of course, for Bob had no bad habits, and led a most exemplary life; but his mother had been taken suddenly ill, and he had absented himself from his business to take care of her, without mentioning a word about it to his employer, Mr. Harding, who being naturally a hasty man, apt to do things suddenly and then deliberate afterwards, had sent Bob his discharge upon the second day of his absence.

In the third place a note of Bob's would be due shortly, and where to get the money to pay it was a momentous question. Bob had lots of money owing him, but when he went to get it, Harry Smith had just left town and wouldn't be back for a week; Tom Jones had just paid his last dollar to a charitable association and wouldn't have any more for a week, and then it would be too late; Charlie Somers would have plenty in four days, and would pay him every cent, more too if he liked; and so it was with every one, either "just agoing to have some," or "just spent it all; sorry, my dear fellow; why didn't you say so before?" and such like pleasant remarks, which to a person in Bob's state of mind were anything but pleasant, I assure you.

"What on earth shall I do?" said Bob to himself, as he stood in the corridor leading to his mother's room. "I shall be a ruined man to-day if I can't pay that money. I might pack up my duds and cut, but no, there's my mother, I can't leave her, or I might get the fellows in the bank to wait. Hang it they won't though. I have it, it'll take a fortune to get me out of my present position, and I'll marry one and get out of trouble with it. Let's see; yes, she'll do, Isabella Isadore Clatterini. By Jove she'd have me in a minute, and by Jove I'll have her. I'll go now, propose to her, get her old dad to draw me a check for a thousand dollars, pay my bills, and marry her in a week with all the display in her power. Gad, won't the fellows howl with rage when I, Bob Monty, as they irreverently call me, lead my blushing Isadore to the Altar, as Dundreary says. Stop though, do you really love her, Bob? Come, now, do you? Well, no, I don't, but plague take it, I must sacrifice myself. I can learn to love her; but, dear me, there's little Jenny Carter, I love her now like a book; but she hasn't a penny, and I can't give her any more, so I must give her up; besides, she'll marry rich Simon Mutenhed when I'm married, and then she'll be all right. So here goes to Isabella's, and Croesus, old boy, smile on me!"

So saying, Bob put on his coat and hat, making a dozen mistakes in his agitation, getting on his coat hind side before, putting both arms into one sleeve, and other errors too numerous and ridiculous to mention.

When he was at last ready, the rustle of a silk dress was heard, and in swept Miss Isabella Isadore Clatterini, in full feather, and blushing like a rose; in fact, her enemies called her rather full-blown, but they were very rude though.

"Now is the time," thought she to herself; "now or never. I know he'll take me for my fortune, and I'll give it to him for his fine figure, good looks, and buoyant spirits. He'll be a splendid hand to take me to the opera, and play backgammon with pa after dinner; backgammon is so stupid I can't enjoy it at all, I'd much rather play 'old maid' with cards"—she had played it in real life some time, poor dear.

"Miss Isabella, you do me honor by visiting my humble—ahr—a—boarding-house, my dear, and I appreciate the honor highly," said Bob, when he had recovered his first surprise at seeing the object of his thoughts appear.

"Dear Mr. Robert, I heard that you were in distress, and I came to see if I couldn't comfort you in your—your—that is, your distress!" said the blushing Isabella.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness, my beloved Isadore, and scarcely know how to repay it," replied the uneasy Robert, for he heard the voice of little Jenny in an adjoining room, and feared that she might interrupt them at the most important moment.

"How is your mother, dear Robert? Better, I trust."

"Oh yes, love; but I've lots of other things to trouble me, but they're all forgotten in your presence, and I feel as happy and contented as can be, my dear—"

"Beg your pardon, sir, a gentleman just sent this for you," said a man who entered at this moment, with a letter in his hand.

"Yes, Samuel; thank you. Now go," said Robert, shoving the letter into his pocket.

"I'll be blowed if he wasn't just going to pop," said the worthy Samuel to himself, as he departed with a grin, and a dime given him by Robert to purchase his silence, for Samuel was a great gossip, and liked to deliver his choice morsels of scandal to an appreciative audience in the servants' hall.

"He really loves me," said the charmer to herself, while the above little scene was transpiring, "and if I play my cards right, I'll get a proposal out of him before I leave the house. Oh, won't Hugh de Montfort squirm when he finds he has lost me! 'Twas his own fault though!"

"Pardon this interruption, my dear, but what was I saying? Don't you remember?"

"Oh, Mr. Bob," replied the still more blushing fair one, "how can you? you are horrid. Ha, ha, ha."

"Oh, yes, I remember, dearest. Your eyes are like loadstones—no, billiard balls. No, I don't mean that, you know what I mean, and your neck is like a duck's; no, a peacock's; no, hang it, I don't mean that; but, my sweet creature, how can I talk sense when you are near me? Oh! bother," said he to himself, "I shall make a mess of this, I know I shall."

"He means admiration," said the fair one aside, "but he's got a little mixed up. I mustn't confuse the dear fellow by smiling on him so much;" and she accordingly turned her head aside and bit her fan, in order to allow Bob to compose himself.

"Dearest Isadore"—he always called her that when he wanted to be most soft and persuasive—continued Bob, "you are the only creature I ever loved, and if you would only be mine, I would—

"Another letter for you, sir," said the sleek Samuel, entering at this moment.

"Yes, Samuel, give it me. Thanks."

And Bob slipped a quarter into Samuel's hand, who muttered as he went out, "Gad, I'd 'ave 'eard her say yes, if I had been two minutes later. Won't he get a prize in her! Oh, no, not many, I guess not, eh, Sammy, my boy? Pop in on him again, Sammy, my duck, and you'll get a dollar for your trouble. Heigh-ho, we're in luck, Sammy, we're in luck. Yes, Mr. Robert, good-morning, sir."

At this moment a pretty little girl entered and said to Bob: "Robert, your mother is much better, and will be well in a day or so, I think; it gives me so much pleasure to wait on her, she is so kind and good, so patient and gentle. You must love her a good deal, Robert."

"Indeed I do, Jenny—Miss Carter, I mean."

"Miss Carter," said Jenny to herself. "What's the matter now, I wonder? He never called me so before. Oh, I see, Miss Clatter's been at him; she'll marry him, if he don't look out; he's too good for her, but she's sharp. Good-morning, *Mr. Montgomery*," said she with peculiar emphasis, as she hurried out of the room, full of indignation towards Miss Isabella.

"Mr. Montgomery," thought Bob; "why, what's the matter with Jenny? I'll bet that fellow's been proposing to her, and she's mad because I didn't do it first."

"The jade's jealous," said Isabella to herself. "Mr. Bob is much too good for her, I must say; but I have got him sure now, and I mean to keep him."

"Isabella, dear," said Bob at length, when he had recovered his self-possession, "we seem to be unfortunate in being interrupted this morning, and so I will come to the point at once. You love me to distraction—no, I mean I love you, and so forth. My love is reciprocated by you, I have every reason to believe."

"It is, dear Bob."

"Yes, yes, but don't interrupt me, for heaven's sake. You love me, I love you, no knife can cut and so forth. Very well. In short, will you be mine, wholly mine, now and forever, for—

"Sixpence, sir. Oh! Lor', I am just in time," said Samuel entering at this moment with half a dozen letters which he delivered to Bob, who in turn gave him a five dollar greenback and whispered,

"Sam, say a word about this and I'll tell your mistress to discharge you."

"All right Mr. Robert, Gad I'll be a made man if I try this on much longer."

"Excuse me a minute, Isabella, I must read my letters, or I shall be overwhelmed with them shortly, they're duns, probably. Hullo, what's this?—a hundred dollars from Harry Smith, and he hopes my note won't be protested, and sounds, the same sum from Tom Jones, and he's sorry to have made me wait so long, yes, so am I, and well, if I ever, fifty dollars from Martin Somers, and he's got his money sooner than he expected, and so hastes to send me the enclosed amount. Now, what's this letter?—why as I live it's from the 'Underground Weekly.'

"Dear Sir.—Your fine story is accepted; please find enclosed twenty-five dollars for it; send us another soon."

Gad, that's good, and these two are from Bob Smither and Ike Bailey, each enclosing twenty dollars. Oh I remember I did lend them the sum sometime ago, but never expected to get it back again.

"Why Mr. Bob, you seem to be in a shower of money this morning. Well, you know it never rains, but it pours, only—your storm is a very refreshing one," said Miss Isabella, and added to herself, "how inopportune all this is, if it had only come after our marriage; he won't want me now, he won't need any of my assistance, and I know he don't love me; but I love him like everything and I shall die an old maid if I lose him, for Hugh de Montfort won't have me if he hears of this."

Bob had by this time finished his other two letters, and exclaimed, "Why bless my heart, is it all a dream or what? Old Harding says it was all a mistake, and that he will be happy to see me in my old position again as soon as convenient, and with an advance of a thousand dollars a year to my salary; and here's my note from the bank, all paid up square to the last penny, who could have conspired against me to make me so happy?"

"Here she is, Mr. Bob," said Samuel, coming in with Jenny Carter, all smiles and blushes. "She's been and done it all, sir, stirred up those fellows that owed you money, explained all to Mr. Harding, and paid your note at the bank, and in revenge, her old uncle has just sent her a letter, saying he just died and leaves her all his money."

"Jenny dearest, how can I ever repay you?"

"Kiss me Bob, I feel so happy at getting you out of your trouble."

"It must have been hard for you, Jenny dear, poor as you were; will you be mine, dear?"

"Yes, Robert, I will."

"Thank's, Jenny, but remember, I don't marry you for your money, not a bit of it; but because I love you, and see what a dear good kind creature you are," and he gave her such a hearty kiss that Samuel started in surprise, thinking that the ceiling was coming down.

"What's to become of me, I wonder," said Miss Isabella, who had been quite neglected for a few minutes.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," said Bob, confused.

"I do then," said a smartly dressed young man who entered at this moment, "you know you love me, my dear, and as we've both got good fortunes at our backs; we can cut a fine swell, and our picture will be a capital companion to that of those two poor folks yonder, who seem quite fond of each other," for Bob and Jenny were just embracing each other for the fortieth time.

"We are not poor, thank you, said Bob for I've got my wish after all, and have married an heiress."

And as the fairy stories say—"So these were married and lived happy ever afterwards, and died at a good old age, respected and beloved by every one."

SAVED BY SALT.

The Plattsburg (Mo.) Register gives the following:

A few days ago Wm. Hamilton, residing near the Missouri Pacific Railroad, went into the timber about a mile off to shoot squirrels. Nothing being heard of him all night, several neighbors the next morning went in search of him. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a leaning tree, thirty feet from the ground, fast and unable to extricate himself. After some trouble he was taken down, and it was seen that one foot and ankle were badly torn and bleeding.

He said that about three o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear, and shot at but missed him. The bear made for him with all his might. He ran, and, finding the bear gaining on him, threw away his rifle, and partly climbed and partly ran up a leaning sycamore tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of this tree had been broken off and was hollow. He thrust one of his legs into the hole to keep himself from falling, but soon found that his leg was fast. He tried to extricate himself but could not. The bear in the meantime had torn his boot off, and was gnawing and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton took his pocket-knife out and cut at bruin's eyes; but with one sweep of his paw the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his fingers.

Mr. Hamilton could now see no help, and gave up to die, expecting to be eaten up alive by the bear. But soon a happy thought struck him. That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had running in the timber. He took a small handful and sprinkled it in the bear's eyes. It had the desired effect. The bear shook his head, growled, and went down. He soon returned, however, but a little more salt drove him away the second time, and to Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight he trotted off into the forest.

☞ Thirsty Chicagoans, when about to imbibe, say, "Specify your funeral promoter."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sphinx; or, Striving with Destiny. A novel. Translated from the German of Robert Byr. By Auber Forestier. We have not had time to peruse this work, but from the glance we have been able to give it, it seems written with much power and freedom of expression, and to possess absorbing interest. We infer also its merit from the fact that Miss Forestier has judged it worth translating. We perceive that the German critics speak very highly in its praise. Published by George Maclean, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

The Right One. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. An interesting novel by this well-known Swedish author.

The American Home Book of In-door Games, Amusements, and Occupations. By Mrs. Caroline L. Smith (Aunt Carrie). Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a fine book for Christmas time, containing any number of attractive games, advice as to Charades, Pantomimes, etc. It is gotten up in a decidedly stylish manner.

Homo vs. Darwin. A Judicial Examination of Statements Recently Published by Mr. Darwin Regarding "The Descent of Man." Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a remonstrance against Mr. Darwin's well-known hypothesis, and the writer, who does not give his name, has presented his thoughts on the main questions raised by Darwin in the form of a judicial inquiry, in order, more clearly, and in a more lively manner, to put before his readers the important points at issue.

Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Handy Volume Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora, and Recent Solar Researches. By Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. A. S., author of "The Sun," "Other Worlds Than Ours," etc. No. 1 of the series, "Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for November. American edition. Contains "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," "Notes on Fortresses," by a Historian; "French Home Life," etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

WOMEN FARMERS.

On the eastern shore of Canandaigua Lake, according to the Rochester Union, live two very singular persons. The owners of two adjacent farms are two sisters, daughters of a pioneer named Fuller, who, more than half a century ago, made his way into the forest regions surrounding the romantic lakes of interior New York. At his death he left his children land, but little else, and the two girls, Laura and Electa, resolved to become farmers. Both are now past sixty, and since early womanhood, they have cultivated their grounds with their own hands. Each has a smiling farm and a snug cottage, the latter nestling among shade-trees, close to the edge of the lake. The lands, bearing "fruit, grass, and other crops" stretch far away up the rolling hills. The editor of the journal named has lately "interviewed" the proprietors, and so became aware of the facts he has made public. All "about," he says, "looks thrifty," and the farm-work appears to be thoroughly and judiciously done.

Miss Laura Fuller was first called upon. This lady wears a "short and rather loosely-fitting dress, a hood, and a pair of men's boots." She has "a beard as heavy as is often seen upon a man, and a voice that would not be mistaken for that of a woman." She is "tolerably well informed," and showed that her heart was in her vocation. "That she plies it without masculine help and with decided prosperity is unquestionable. Her sister, Electa, is, however, regarded as the better manager and more business-like person of the two." Her visitor found this lady to have much the appearance of her sister, but she is "more dignified and patriarchal, with a head considerably bald, and locks whitened by the frosts of many winters." Miss Fuller cut away the forest that once covered her farm with her own hands. All the toil that was needed to bring the land into condition, she performed, solitary and alone. She has reared stock of all kinds, "including fine horses and colts, for which a great fancy has been taken."

FEAR.

"The thing in the world that I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason—that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breeding all other accidents." Thus wrote Montaigne three centuries ago. His words are particularly significant at the present time. It is undeniable that fear is an important agency in spreading the cholera, after it once begins its ravages in a city. A physician at St. Petersburg, during the epidemic in that city several years ago, is said to have obtained two criminals who had been condemned to death, with the permission of the authorities to do with them as he thought fit. One of these convicts was made to sleep in a bed in which, as he was told, a man had died of the cholera during the previous night, although such was not the fact. After a restless night the criminal was taken with all the symptoms of cholera, and died of that disease, declaring that he had caught it from the bed—a victim to his own fears. The other was made to sleep on a bed wherein a man had died but a few hours previously of the fatal disease. This fact, however, was unknown to the occupant of the bed, who arose in the morning refreshed by his sleep, remaining in perfect health. These influences of fear are said to be especially strong in diseases of an epidemic or contagious nature; and while it cannot be asserted that perfect fearlessness would keep away the cholera entirely, it doubtless would limit the range of its ravages. Let our citizens take all other necessary precautions, but above all let them keep up a cheerful and cool temper.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

These shawls are of two kinds,—one made by weaving small pieces and sewing them together; the other by embroidering the pattern on a plain woven cloth. The real Cashmere thread is called *pashumeea*, and is made from the down, not the hair, of the Thibet goat, which is raised in several of the mountainous provinces of the country; but the wool or down is all carried to Cashmere for manufacture, the business being under the strictest government control, and to such a degree, that no real *pashumeea* wool can be sold or smuggled into any other province of India. Fine shawls are made in the Punjaub and other provinces from goats' and sheep's wool, and sold as genuine Cashmere, but are an inferior article. In Cashmere 100,000 persons are employed in the shawl manufacture. The weavers are all males, most of the spinners women. A female spinner earns about 75 cents a month. The weaving of a shawl of ordinary pattern occupies three weavers for three months, the more elaborate and costly from twelve to fifteen months.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of The Lady's Friend have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

or,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of The Lady's Friend are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, The Lady's Friend aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, The Saturday Evening Post—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

ap22-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1872, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, in the English, German, French, Norwegian, Welsh, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec2-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician"** 99 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may.8-1y

It is said that every extensive advertiser has to pay a very large sum for experience before he learns how to invest his money judiciously. It would be better to entrust the business to a responsible Advertising Agency, like that of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 41 Park Row, New York, and thus gain the benefit of experience without cost. Contracts can be made with them as low as with publishers direct.

"Burnett's Cologne Water is preferred to the German by the fashion."—*Home Journal.*

For sale at retail as well as wholesale by JOHN F. HENRY, 6 College Place, New York.

☞ George Alfred Townsend says that most of the Mormon men look as if they wanted a new razor and a square meal.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads." And this the artist's reply: "Er—er, not all of 'em—I didn't make yours."

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1871.

RENEW EARLY.

As we have a large number of subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, we would suggest to all who can make it convenient, to renew as early in the present month as possible.

If everybody waits till the end of the month, a large number of names are sent in together, and it becomes impossible for our clerks to enter them as soon as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors; though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always are that it is the mistake of the subscriber, not theirs.

As we shall stop the paper hereafter, even more generally than heretofore, at the expiration of all subscriptions—excepting in the cases of a small class of old subscribers, who always remit in return to our bills—those who wish to avoid all danger of having a break in their files of THE POST, should remit early. We do not electrotype THE POST, and now that the paper is so large and expensive, we shall not run the risk of wasting papers by printing many more than we absolutely need.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to one *hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A LETTER FROM ZIG.

[The following extract from a private letter from "Zig," will explain her absence from THE POST better than we could in our own words:]

"Last evening, after I had gone to bed, your letter written Nov. 18, was brought to me. I should have acknowledged the receipt of it at once, if I'd got the letter.

"You supposed exactly right. I *am* sick again, just that. The day after I finished that article for you, I was taken down with this abominable ague again. I'm sick and blue, bluer than city-washed clothes. Two weeks ago I stirred up all the little life there was in me, and came down here, where I have been being doctored. I think possibly the ague is broken now, though I don't know. I have not had a touch of it for over a week. But I'm so weak and limp! you don't know—so weak I couldn't knock a fly down. I saw that neat notice of me which you were so kind as to put in THE POST, where you mentioned me as "the sprightly and spirited." My dear friend, that was the sorriest bit of burlesque you have perpetrated for many a long day. It was surely 'rote sarkastically,' as poor Artemus said. Sprightly and spirited, forsooth! I'm the melancholiest, shabbiest, long-facedest, spiritlessest, ghastliest, ghostliest, dullest, stupidest woman that breathes the dirty air of G——— this minute.

"I have not been able to write so much as a letter until within a few days, though I did struggle desperately to write you an article this week. But it was no use. I went to bed and mourned like a whang-doodle.

"If the ague doesn't come back, I promise you, on the honor of a Bohemian, to commence my series of articles about the middle of December, dead or alive. I will do it next week, if possible, though I won't promise for certain, for fear I should get sick again. I think I have felt more like myself for a little while this morning than I ever did in my life before. So maybe I'm getting well.

"Ever your friend, ZIG."

The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties.

A Western correspondent writes to us as follows:—

DEAR POST:—There is one family in this neighborhood which can neither read nor write, and yet they subscribe for your valuable paper. They take the paper to the neighbors, and listen while it is being read. Do you not think that this shows that THE POST is the best literary paper published?"

It certainly shows that some people find it very attractive. And we think the family referred to, if they go on in that way, will soon become more intelligent than many of their better educated neighbors.

EUGENIE'S JEWELS IN PAWN.

A London letter to the Philadelphia Bulletin says:—We went to Emanuel's. One of the firm was at Torquay with us, and he recognized us, and after some talk he asked us if we would like to see something nice, and he showed us all of Eugenie's jewels, now there "up the spout:" probably not all, but £50,000 worth. As he said, he could not take any more, as she wished to realize on them at once. They are all to be sold, but are not generally shown now, as nobody is in town. He appears to know her well, and says that their entire property consists of about £150,000 worth of jewels, and some property in Spain, which she is now there trying to sell. This lot that we saw covered a table 2½x3½ feet full, and then as cases were opened they were piled up in rather a reckless manner in heaps on this already covered table. There were tiaras, necklaces, two large anchors, of diamonds, and about five inches long; lots of brooches, one being a butterfly, the body of which was a large opal, about two inches long, and the wings set upon springs, and made of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. There was a wonderful necklace of black pearls—the only one in existence,—each being about as large as a marrowfat pea. Also, an emerald cross, quite unique, the emeralds being oblong and set edge to edge, nothing between, and about six inches the long part of the cross, and one each side of the centre to form the arms; this was about four and a half inches long. Two ear-rings of diamonds, the very purest, but each cut like a drop of water, and hung pendant and swinging from the small end. E. tells us this is a wonderful pair, as the stones match so well, but they must have been cut away terribly to assume the present shape. Several ear-rings, all large diamonds; six diamond rings, one a superb one, worth £4,000.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Here is Madame Vigee Lebrun's portrait of the personal appearance of this famous queen about the period of the French Revolution: "Tall, admirably proportioned, fully developed but not stout, superb arms, hands and feet small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her head with a majesty that instantly marked the sovereign even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sweetness and pleasantness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much sweetness and noblesse combined. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family the long, oval, narrow countenance peculiar to it. Her blue eyes were not large, but they were soft and brilliant; nose good, well chiselled; her mouth not too large, although her lips were rather full. But the great beauty of her face was her complexion. I have never seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I went to Fontainebleau I saw her in full costume, covered with diamonds, and as the sun shone upon her she looked truly dazzling. Her head, supported by her lovely swan-like neck, gave her in walking so majestic and imposing an air that she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nymphs."

[From the "Bayonne Herald," Bayonne City, New Jersey.]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Since the recent enlargement of this elegant weekly, and its semi-centennial departure, the editor seems to have renewed his youth in commemoration of the brilliant event. Mr. Peterson, the publisher, may congratulate himself on issuing one of the most readable, cheerful, as well as reasonably priced newspapers of the day. The great number of pieces of original poetry (most of a high order of merit), found in each issue, is a marked feature peculiar to the Saturday Evening Post.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

A soldier slept, as the morning uprolled
O'er the white tents pitched on the pleasant glade.
The bayonets' gleam was the gleam of gold,
Where the sunlight poured on the bright and the wold,
And the fields of yellow grain.

Then the soldier arose, when his rest was done,
And he merrily sang in his joyous glee;
He sharpened his sword and he brightened his gun,
And he smiled, as he thought of the laurels won,
That yet on his brow would be.

The couriers rode when the noontide came,
And told of grim lines advancing fast,
So the camp was filled with a wild acclaim,
And the soldier's heart was kindled with flame
As the hurrying squadrons passed.

But the glen full soon was the place of blood,
With the hissing of shot and the clang of steel,
And the men lay dabbled and stained in the wood,
Tho' the soldier's comrades in valor stood
Till they made the foemen reel.

When the night came down the corses were strewn,
And the soft dews fell on the face of the dead;
But the soldier's song had changed to a moan,
As faint and pale, where the sad moon shone,
He lay with his bleeding head.

'Tis morning again on the tents and the spears,
But the soldier's voice is forever still;
There's a form that's missed from the cavaliers,
There's a sweet face blurred with its bitter tears—
There's a nameless grave on the hill.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—Among the items that have lately found their way into the newspapers, is one to the effect that at present there is an extraordinary admiration among ultra fashionables for whatever is antique, and that old shops, cobwebby and dark, are being ransacked for something that dates back and smells musty. The fancy, it is stated, takes the shape usually of old window-curtains, the yellower the better, and it is a fact that many of our leading emporiums exhibit these draperies in thread and guipure, and though one is strongly tempted to think they have lately been purloined from some bachelor's smoking-room, they meet with ready sale, and find many admirers among those whose purses are not long enough to enable them to indulge in so choice a luxury. It seems an absurd fancy at first, but when one comes to reflect that there is a strange value attached to old pictures as well, and that where one is exposed to view, every connoisseur is expected to remove his hat and go through a series of exclamations, and shake his head in unfeigned sadness over the fact that to-day there are no Michael Angelos and Da Vincis; while you, or I, or anybody else unacquainted with high art, might look and study until they closed the shop, and we never should be able to discover a single beauty in the whole thing, it is not so wonderful that smoky old curtains should also be considered rich, and rare, and beautiful. There is a demand, too, for old china—no matter how quaint the design or how odd the shape if it can only be proved to be a century old it is valued far beyond anything manufactured at the present day, and there are instances cited where fabulous sums have been paid for portions of sets purporting to have belonged to some of the pilgrim mothers. If they could by any possibility get hold of the platter, or fruit-dish, or whatever it might have been, used by Eve and the serpent when partaking of the stolen apples, I suppose all the money in the Treasury department wouldn't buy it. And now that I think of it, what a pity it is that women can't be lace, or china, or pictures, or at least be like them, and increase in value as they grow old—what a horror would be taken from their lives! There is something terrible, to one who has been young and beautiful, in the approach of old age. I don't suppose she regrets the loss of the lily complexion, glossy hair, and rounded cheeks so much, but she knows that she must bid adieu to the sweet words of admiration that were so delightful to her ear; but wouldn't it be gratifying if the order of things could be changed, and instead of being passed coldly by she could feel the hand clasp grow warmer, and catch the whisper "Perfectly lovely—fifty years old!"

TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

Has any one observed that seemingly the one great idea that is puzzling the brain of femininity now-a-days is, how they can shape their garments to most resemble men?

It is a fact—and you see the result of the study cropping out in short jackets with double vest fronts and lappels, in dainty pleated bosoms, scarf ties, and a thousand other eccentricities trifling in themselves, but each doing its "little possible" toward its general effect. The "clergymen's bands" though on the canonical style, have the same masculine look, but though affected by very genteel and dressy ladies, are neither pretty nor becoming. The fact of their being a new idea will keep them afloat for a season, but they are destined to be short lived. A pretty novelty of *lingerie*, which name once reserved to a lady's under-clothing, now includes collars, undersleeves and needlework adornments of all kinds—is the *Bretelle fichu*. A spiral bow of lace and *crêpe de chine* half way down the corsage, has bias bretelles of the *crêpe de chine* bordered with Valenciennes, passing over the shoulder and crossing in fichu ends at the bottom of the waist. The colors used in the make-up of this graceful novelty are chiefly the "peach blossom," "rose de the" and Oriental blue.

AMONG THE DRESS GOODS

there are no new fabrics, and but one or two new shades. There is a preference for soft draping materials, and in woollens the "Thibet cloth," "Parisian cashmeres," and "English merinos" are foremost in popularity. In evening silks decided tints obtain preference, and yet they are so very pale as to suggest flowers by moonlight, and reflections of colors rather than colors themselves. Sometimes there are two tints used in an evening costume, but never more, and even one is considered in better taste. In these silks there are two new tints in straw color and one in lavender.

For street wear quiet cloth colors are endorsed, the most popular of which are the "browns," "flint gray," "dark prune" and "black;" the last is always fashionable, and nothing is likely to disturb its popularity for general occasions. Certain grades of black silk are determined by their edges, their brands, etc.; but the only safe rule for the buyer is judgment.

The most elegant and expensive is the Antwerp, followed by the Cyclop, and for morning the expensive Radzmir. Then come the Ponsons, the Bonnet and the Golden Cord. Nothing very new to chronicle in this line, it is observed, though never were shopmen more busy in repeating over and over again the prices of different goods in their separate departments, and never did they develop a better appetite for folding and unfolding, and never did they exhibit more patience in listening to the calculations of the divinities who drop down at the counter in pairs and reckon up the amount of material required in the fore breadths and hind breadths, and side gores, and who finally conclude they can't tell anything about it, and will call again. Nor do they seem seized with a blue desperation even when a memorandum woman comes along—one of those shoppers who have hidden away somewhere in their gloves or pocket-books a long narrow slip of paper, on which they have scratched down not only every article they can think of, but the probable price, and being of the thrifty sort, it is of course always much too low. But though somewhat tedious and eminently trying to weakly organizations, they are not so bad as the female measurer, who with an invisible string reckons lengths from the point of her nose to her outstretched thumb, or the "masticator," who insists upon chewing a corner to make sure that it won't fade.

GOLDEN LOCKS,

for some reason, are not as plenty on the promenade as they were last season. The fashion has in a great measure died out. Occasionally one sees the peculiar shade of blonde so popular at one time, but nearly every one not endowed by nature with fair tresses has given up the application of lime and lemon juice, and is content to believe that black or brown hair is quite as becoming. The sudden demise of the *chignon* may have had an effect on the blonde mania, though exactly how I can scarcely see, unless it be that in covering the entire back of the head it was only required that the hair over the forehead should be bleached and deadened, and even that little was sufficiently troublesome to keep up to the proper tint. If this is the solution, the chignon must be credited with one merit, though certainly "nothing in life became it like the leaving it."

The trade in hair loses none of its briskness, however, and it is even estimated that the demand increases greatly. As false hair is universally worn, no reproach is supposed to attach to whoever carries more or less; on the contrary, it is stated that the obituary of a fashionable lady, lately deceased, read: "She was a kind friend, a meek and humble Christian, and the happy possessor of a 'switch' forty inches in length." While sacred history presents a case where a good wig would have been a blessing, for

"If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd ne'er been found a hanging there."

That's pretty bad poetry, but it expresses what I mean exactly. OLIVE KING.

WINTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MABEL PERCY.

Old winter appears upon the hills, his huge white mantle trailing on the ground as his cold breath sweeps the valley. Russet-cloaked Autumn has disappeared in the south, and the tender sky no longer weeps at her departure, for the tears froze ere they fell as the grayness crept over her face, seeming to betoken approaching dissolution. But the frozen tears changed to dainty snow-flakes, fashioned like the star that glistened on her forehead, and anon, as she smiled, the snow-flakes paused to marvel at her beauty.

When she sees Winter upon the hills she draws her cloud-veil over her face, for she cannot yet look upon his icicle beard as upon his fairy messengers, the snow-flakes.

The snow monarch blows a blast from his trumpet to summon his attendant—frost, who for weeks has been busy upon the earth. Frolicsome frost hastens from over the hills and across little brooks, that he bridges as he leaps over them, and skips along, climbing a tree as he goes to dress its bare, brown branches in a crystal garb.

But the wind shrieks impatiently, so he hurries on to join the snow and the sleet and the wind and the tempest that protect Winter from the Spring and Autumn—that are ever seeking to wrest his sceptre from him.

The snow-flake's mission is to cover the ground that Autumn left bare when she stripped off her livery, with a pure white covering, making the stones and knolls into beautiful curves and loading the evergreen trees with snowy burdens. Then the sleet adds moisture, the wind dances over it till it is hard and smooth, and the frost sprinkles it with diamonds that glisten when the sun peeps out from behind his veil to smile in the face of Winter.

Ermine-clothed, icicle-crowned Winter, we welcome thee!

"O, Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

Looking back through the dim vista of the Past, how many memories thy name conjures up! We recall to mind

Many we used to know
Now sleeping 'neath the Winter's snow,

and many whose hearts were once filled with affection's warmth towards us now chill as thy frost, O Winter.

But Winter has a warm heart, notwithstanding his cold exterior, and he delights in the cheerful fire, where circled around are old and young, forgetful alike of the years that are past and of the years to come in the enjoyment of present blessings.

The Snow Monarch peers through the window and smiles as he thinks how happy his long evenings and blazing fires make the home circle. Then he is off and away with all his rising train,

"Vapors, and clouds, and storms,"

But Jack Frost lingers till the fires are out, and the merry laugh and lightsome jest are hushed in the restful sleep. He enters softly and begins his artistic tracings upon the window panes. A delicate touch he has, and he works in an unique way all his own. Vine-work and leaf-work towers and castles, cloisters, cathedrals and the ruins of ancient cities rise up from beneath his magic pencil, and his pictures possess this excellence, that each observer finds amidst the fairy lines that which is most to his fancy.

In the morning sturdy John will find there a noble ship, manned and rigged; the architect William will see only towers and Gothic edifices, while turrets and spires beam upon his fancy from the rigging of John's ship. Dreamy Agnes will see them all—and more. She sees the reflections of her own pure thoughts, and the crystal lines symbolize her maidenly ideas of duty. She sees a ship and follows it until it lands upon a foreign shore, the scene of romance and song; she sees knights and ladies issue from lordly castles to assist upon some courtly scene; she sees in the dim, religious light of the cathedral, the bowed form of the penitent, and hears the heavenly-voiced choir, and as the dying day lights up with a last gleam the master-piece of Raphael or an Angelo, she breathes a sigh. A word breaks the charm. Thus ever fade our fairy dreams.

Ah, but 'tis almost daybreak. Jack Frost must indulge in some pastime; so he breaks the glass-pitcher that has been left inadvertently half filled with water. "I'll learn them to be more careful," he says, as he goes peering into cups and plates, breathing on each his cold breath till they glisten. He goes upon tiptoe to the children's chambers and reddens the cheeks and noses of the sleepers.

Anon he obeys the call of his Sovereign to follow in train, as majestically he stalks over the land so lately the dominion of the sister queens, Summer and Autumn.

☞ A countryman, walking along the streets of a town, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of timber. "What is that for?" he said to a person in the street. "Oh, that's for to stop the cholera." "Ah, I have often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw one before."

ZILLAH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"Zillah," said a low voice.

A slow smile spread over the girl's face, and lifting her head from the mossy stone where it had rested, she said, "I am not asleep, sir, I am only dreaming."

"Come and sit beside me on this rock, Zillah, and tell me of what you dream."

She arose immediately to obey, for, although no longer a little girl, she looked upon the young man before her as a mentor, and such a part he had always taken with her.

Hesitating a moment to get her thoughts into proper strain for expression, she said, "Truly, mother, you know, is poor. We do not see much company, and have not many friends; but when I come down here, I forget it all; the sky is so very soft and blue, these little violets peep out so freshly from the grass; that willow droops over me tenderly, and then, there are the shadows of the rocks in the water, I think it must be like fairy land here, and I always sit down and build castles, as you call it. Not grand and stately ones, but very pleasant and nice to dwell within, and my mother is always there surrounded by every luxury. Oh! I like to build my castles."

"Foolish little Zillah," said James Norton, "life is too earnest to be wasted in idle dreaming. Your mother, poor indeed; she thinks there is hardly another mother so rich, and her home is the happiest one, I know."

"Yes," said Zillah, "we are nearly always happy, and I do not mean to be ungrateful."

Then the young man helped Zillah over the board stile, and walked with her up the path leading to her mother's dwelling, telling her of a long journey he was to take, and of what he wished her to do when he was away.

He was going to Europe to spend a long time, to cull golden fruit, which he should set in pictures of silver, to dwell upon in after life. And Zillah must be improving all this time. She must guard choicely her woman's nature; always be as tender in caring for her mother as now; and spend as much time at his own home as she could well spare, for he knew her visits there were welcome ones, and his parents would pass many lonely hours when he was gone.

"When I return to my native village I shall expect to find you with a graver step, and a deeper shade of thought on your sunny face; but you will dream no more, little Zillah! Many duties and little cares will cause life to open before you with its living treasures. I shall find you living in the real on my return."

A few days after this, on a bright morning, when the flowers that sprang up around the doors of the village houses were looking fairer than ever in the dew and sunshine, James Norton started on his long journey. Each rumble of the heavy wheeled coach was taking him farther from the quiet village of Milton, and farther out into a world of which Zillah Whitford new nothing.

Two years passed away, and Zillah's quiet life had changed her little. She had gained growth, for she had read many good books in the time, and had tried to profit by the teachings of a careful mother. But the rose, at heart, retained its soft coloring and its rare perfume. So thought James Norton on his return from Eastern lands. Zillah was again thrown much in his society, and it was a companionship from which she gathered strength and happiness.

And so the winter wore on, and spring decked tree and shrub with buds that promised green leaf and fresh blossom. And summer came, laden with flowers, and merry with song of bird and music of rill, and Zillah's life budded and blossomed out into a new world of beauty and excellence.

"My niece is coming down, soon, to spend a few weeks with us," Mrs. Norton said to Zillah, "and I do not know what we shall do, your mother and I, with so much youth and happiness surrounding us."

Zillah said she did not know, but she had her silent misgivings about this young lady, city-born and bred, and feared she might be no pleasant acquisition to their quiet circle.

Next day, while Zillah sat with her mother in their neat little parlor, dreaming a little, for, in a slight degree, she still indulged in this compensating luxury, a very bright face shone in at the door, and a comely figure entered the room, after the ceremony of a little rap. "Mrs. and Miss Whitford, I presume? Miss Fanny Bingham at your service," said a pleasant voice, and soon the visitor was seated beside them engaged in animated conversation.

She had come in by stage only the night previous, but her aunt had promised her a companion in Zillah, and after having looked for her the whole morning, she had become impatient, and had determined to come down for her, herself.

"I hope you are not ceremonious, here," she added. "I never took well in the city, (this was Miss Fanny's representation of it), because I was not half proud enough for style, nor formal enough for etiquette."

She was admired in the country, notwithstanding, and, as the weeks sped on, Zillah found her a delightful companion.

"A life in the country is quite enchanting," said Fanny, one day, as she and Zillah sat under a peach tree regaling themselves with the delicious fruit.

Zillah thought so, too, she said.

"I would like to make my home in the country," said Fanny. Then she ate another peach.

"Do you know, Zillah, I always had a penchant for my cousin's style? I admired him several years ago, when he spent the holidays at my father's. Think into what that youthful fancy must have culminated now. Though we are cousins we should not make a bad match, eh, Zillah? You shall be my bridesmaid." Then Fanny pierced another peach with her penknife, and, with her head thrown back, commenced to drop the juice between her appreciating lips.

"I must have been blinded, indeed, not to have seen it," thought Zillah, on her way home. "She is such a little, coaxing, cajoling sprite,—so careless and exciting. And James is so amused and delighted with her drolleries, while with me he is only protective and brotherly."

And so Zillah reasoned the matter, and believed that she had made Fanny over to James, quite resignedly.

A few evenings after she was walking up the avenue leading to Mr. Norton's door, when she saw the cousins walking arm in arm among the trees that spread over the grounds. They were speaking very earnestly, and as she drew near she heard Fanny say, "Yes, dear James, and when we are married." Zillah hurried up the long walk, and sat down in the door near Mrs. Norton, who looking down into her face exclaimed, "How pale you are, child! The warm weather and your long rambles with Fanny are tiring you out." Then looking down among the trees where the cousins were walking slowly up to the house she said, "Did you know, Zillah, that all along we had thought it was to be you?" We are proud of Fanny, but you seem so much like a daughter to us."

Before they reached the house Zillah was in the garden with Mr. Norton talking gayly, but there was a heavy weight at her heart. Fanny, hateful Fanny followed close on her footsteps, and putting her warm lips to Zillah's cheek whispered, "You shall be my bridesmaid, pretty Zillah."

Zillah said she must go home—it was getting late—she could not stay another minute. Fanny asked to go with her.

"No."

"Would she let him go?" James asked.

"Not she. She preferred to go alone."

Mr. Norton said she could not object to his escort—it was growing dusk, and Zillah consented.

James threw a scarf of his mother's over her shoulders, and whispered, "What ails thee, cruel little Zillah?" But she went on with Mr. Norton, and made him no reply.

"Who ever knew the child to be pettish before?" said Fanny.

Zillah did not sleep any that night, but in the morning she arose as usual. She had formed a brave resolution. Her manner toward James and Fanny should be unchanged. Neither of them should guess her secret. Through all her pain this decision gave her triumph. She would suffer and be strong. At this moment, her mother came to her door, and said, "Fanny is here," (no one knew when Fanny would look in upon them with her bright face). "She must see you, she says. She cannot wait another moment."

Zillah's brave resolves proved but ignoble attempts. She dropped her fingers from the curl she was trimming. "I can't see Fanny, to-day, mother. I am half sick, I believe." And then, when Mrs. Whitford was gone, she laid her face on the pillow, and cried, heartily.

Fanny went back to uncle Norton's, and said that Zillah was ill, and James came over to see if anything was needed. Zillah laughed when her mother brought her up a potion, and told her that James was there, and then she cried again, for very vexation. She would not have the medicine, she was quite well, she said. And Mrs. Whitford told James that she never saw the child act so strangely.

Zillah said to herself, that "they were all trying her so. Could they not let her be?" And she stole down stairs, and away to the rocky shore, that had been her retreat for so long a time, but was of late neglected. She sat down on the moss, at the foot of the willow, and leaning her head against its trunk to think, after a little while she fell asleep.

James Norton seemed troubled and nervous, this same sunny morning, and wandering, restlessly about, he, at last, took the path leading down to the water,

When in sight of Zillah he stopped in surprise. "Who would have thought of seeing her here, and asleep, too? That was like a child." A sunbeam creeping through a rift in the foliage, stole over her face and form. James thought the little shining head as radiant and beautiful as ever head could be. Leaning towards her, he whispered: "Zillah!"

She wakened and looked on the rocks and water and blue sky before her, and smiling softly, said: "It was such a sweet dream." She went down to the water soon, and kneeling, laved her brow; and then standing, threw back her dripping curls, and she looked half nymph, half naiad, James Norton was sure.

He sprang over the fence, believing he should have to tell her something of this, when, startled at sight of him, the maiden hastened over the stile and ran in the direction of her home. She had not always fled from him in that way, and James was greatly puzzled for the cause. Soon she came back to him with downcast eyes and blushing face. "Would he excuse her? She was startled, and—"

"He did not know," young Norton said. "She would have to be less shy of him. "Look up, cruel little maiden! I have held you especially dear since one day I found you dreaming on yonder rock. And now, when I am loving you more than I can tell,

'Why thus do you fly me?
Why thus do you fly me?'"

Zillah was in a hurry now, but James Norton held both her hands fast in his.

"Have you no dear word to say, Zillah?"

"Yes, she had—Fanny. Had she not heard her say last evening, 'When we are married, dear James?'"

"The riddle was read," so seemed the lover's face to say, and his lips answered, "Yes, she had heard it, he did not doubt. But *he* was not included in that *we*. He was not going to tell Fanny's secrets, she might tell them herself, as for hours she had been longing to do, he well knew."

Now, Zillah was in tears; sleeplessness and excitement had made her nervous. James, no longer repulsed, tried his skill in soothing. How long they sat in the shade of the hanging willow I know not, for in this sylvan retreat was no slave standing by his clepsydra to watch the hours.

When at last they separated at the door of her mother's dwelling, he whispered, "Foolish little Zillah, to be jealous of Cousin Fanny," and she retorted, "Wicked Fanny, to try me so."

Dinner was just over when Fanny opened the gate, and Zillah ran out to meet her, and they sat down in the shade of a locust.

"Ah, hem!" said Fanny, "never saw you looking better. Charming Zillah! Couldn't see me this morning, could you? Weren't able, were you? So Fanny must stand all day at the confessional, waiting for her priestess, who determines beforehand not to absolve.

"James did not tell me, he only said that he believed I might see you now, and lay off the burden that oppressed me, but I saw it in his face, and gave back taunt for taunt, after the retaliatory manner of my sex.

"Now, dear, try to forgive me for making you jealous. I wanted matters to culminate. I have no patience with those sentimental lovers that go on sighing without ever probing the wound to find out whether it be mortal.

"That is just the way things went on between Edward and me. For two years I have been hoping and fearing, until one day I had a vision. Per consequence, I started for the country, leaving word to all my acquaintances that I was going away to marry a cousin, who had just returned from Europe, and was quite a lion in Milton.

"But, behold, Zillah, a fair specimen of man's perversity. Here have I been four long weeks, (enjoying myself, entirely, it is true,) when, at last, I receive a letter from Edward, declaring it to be too stupid in the city without me, and I *must*—he speaks potentially, you see—come back. He has made a foolish proposition or so in his letter, and declares his intention of coming down, on a certain day, on which occasion he shall challenge my hero cousin, and carry his Helen back to Sparta.

"Well he will come, of course, and I will pay him for his delay and his assurance. I will be surprised to see him, and expect to hear bad news from home; and when he mentions his letter, I shall have never received it. He shall feel the awkwardness of the predicament, and I will put him to the trouble of making his proposals orally, from the very beginning, you know; and then I shall not make a hasty decision. It will be so unexpected, you see.

"But, really, Zillah, Edward Bradley is a noble man, and I am so giddy he will be just the one to keep me in a little order."

A few months after this conversation, Zillah was Fanny's bridesmaid, and not long after, herself a bride.

☞ A Detroit policeman found a note-book which evidently belonged to a man of careful habits. The book is full of such sentences as these: Monday—Buy a gallon of whiskey to-day; take four drinks. Tuesday—get a gallon a whiskey at noon of ———; also, get shaved; don't get drunk. Wednesday—see if the whiskey is out; also, don't drink until after dinner; also, see about more whiskey.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often—
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always—
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, O, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be,
We may die and never see each other—
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live,
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

—*Scribner's Mag.*

VANE'S PRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I have found you at last," Mrs. Conroy said, meeting Vane on the steps of her charming little country residence, as he came in from a walk among the fragrant woods. "I have been hunting everywhere for you. Miss Percy is here. She came two hours ago. I want to introduce you to her."

"I am half afraid of your ideal woman," Vane Berresford said, smiling at Mrs. Conroy's eagerness. "I have heard so much about her from you, that I begin to stand in awe of her."

"Ah, you naughty man!" cried Mrs. Conroy. "I haven't told you half the admirable qualities Nora Percy possesses. I'm going to leave you to find them out yourself. I'll tell you just this—nothing more; when I told her you were here, she said she should be delighted to meet you, because she admired your poems so much, and from liking them so well she had become anxious to know their author. There's a compliment for you, Sir Poet. Doesn't that impress you favorably with an idea of her good sense and admirable taste? Of course it does. You needn't deny it. So come along, and let me present you. And mind, you are to fall in love with her at once, and the affair is to end with a marriage, and you "will live happily ever after."

"I shan't promise you that," Vane said, as he followed her into the parlor.

"But I shall expect it," she said at the parlor door. "That's just what I asked you two here for this summer—to fall in love with each other. I don't know anybody quite good enough for Nora but yourself, and I have a kind of motherly interest in you which makes me solicitous for your welfare. So don't disappoint me in my match-making hopes."

Vane saw a tall, graceful figure in gray standing at the other end of the room as they entered. A pleasant face, with clearly-cut features, and soft, warm tints, was turned towards them, and a pair of expressive brown eyes lighted it up with a clear, thoughtful expression.

"Nora, this is my friend, Mr. Berresford. Mr. Berresford, Miss Percy," said Mrs. Conroy, and then fluttered off and left them to themselves.

It was easy work for them to get to be friends. In a few minutes they were talking familiarly and pleasantly together. Vane found her a woman of thorough culture. A woman of intellect, too; and he could read Tennyson and Browning to her without being in constant fear that she would lose the sentiment of the poem, and want him to explain it to her, as some women of his acquaintance did.

"How do you like her?" Mrs. Conroy asked him, after tea.

"I like her very much," Vane answered, frankly.

"Oh, don't be too hasty in your congratulation of yourself on your match-making proclivities," as he saw Mrs. Conroy's delight, "I haven't fallen in love yet, and don't mean to."

"But you can't help it," laughed Mrs. Conroy.

"I *must* help it," Vane answered. "It would never do for me to fall in love with a woman of Miss Percy's position in society."

"And why not, pray," inquired Mrs. Conroy.

"Because she is rich, and I am poor," answered Vane. "The best reason in the world, you see. What do you suppose Mrs. Grundy would say if I were to marry Miss Percy? Why, just this: He married her for her money. The world would give me credit for no other motive."

"What's the use of caring for what the world will say or think?" said Mrs. Conroy. "Her money is the last thing Nora would think of. If she loved a man, and he hadn't a cent in the world, she would marry him as quickly as though he were her superior in wealth, if he asked her to."

"Perhaps she would," Vane replied; "but the world would talk just the same, no matter what *she* thought about it."

But though Vane knew that it would not do to fall in love with Miss Percy, he performed that somewhat mythical operation deliberately, in spite of himself. Before two weeks had gone by, he knew that he cared more for Miss Percy than was consistent with his declaration to Mrs. Conroy.

The days were full of fascinating influences. The slow sails down the river, with the waters laughing and whispering about them, and the sun shining over the landscape and throwing a golden atmosphere about the scene that made it seem almost like the creation of a fairy's wand; the long, quiet walks among the woodland paths, where violets grew and ferns spread their lush luxuriance wherever the shadows nestled; the charmed hour of the twilight, when they sang together, and the outside world seemed far off and but half-remembered; and the pleasant afternoon hours when he read to her from the poet's fanciful pages—these stole away Vane's heart before he knew it. When he came to think about it, his heart was gone, and he found that it was too late to prevent that which he had told Mrs. Conroy must not take place.

It was dangerous to go on as he had gone, after he made that discovery, but it was so sweet to dream the hours away when love made them fleet and fair-footed, and bewilderingly pleasant, that he let himself drift with the current, never asking himself—he dared not!—what the end was to be.

One day he woke up suddenly to the real sense of his position. He was in the library. He had taken a book into the bay-window, and had dropped the curtains between him and the room. By-and-by he had fallen asleep. From this sleep he was awakened by the sound of voices in the library, and his attention was at once attracted by hearing his name spoken.

"Do you suppose he will marry her?" a voice said, which he recognized as that of Miss Thomson, a maiden of uncertain age, and an arrant gossip.

"Of course, if she will have him," replied the other occupant of the room. It was Mrs. Du Puy. He knew her for another gossip, a fit representative of the Mrs. Grundy type he stood in awe of. "He's poor, and she's rich. Her money will set him up in life, and he won't have to write for his living then, you know. Any one can see that he's after Miss Percy's money. I'm not so sure whether he cares for her or not."

"She's blind to her own interests if she marries him," said Miss Thomson. "He's got nothing but his brains to depend upon. If she had nothing but herself, I'm afraid he wouldn't be so devoted to her. No man could deceive me in that way."

"Probably no man would have any desire to," said Vane, as he stepped from the recess and confronted the gossipers. "You can save your pity for Miss Percy; she does not need it in the least. To set your minds at rest, I beg leave to tell you that she and her fortune are perfectly safe, so far as I am concerned."

His tone was full of keen sarcasm; his face full of contempt.

"I thank you for your kind opinion of me, ladies," he added. "I am happy to say that I am *not* a fortune-hunter, as you imagined. If I should ever make advances to *you*, Miss Thomson, you may know that my principles have changed, and that I have become what you have so delicately hinted that I am to-day."

Then, with a bow to the discomfited ladies, Vane left the room.

"I must go away from here," he said as he went down the path to the highway. "I ought to have gone long ago."

Turning from the path into the road, he met Miss Percy.

"I have been gathering ferns," she said, holding up some feathery fronds. "Aren't they beautiful! I never saw anything more airy and graceful in my life. If I could be anything but what I am, I think I'd be a fern."

"*You* don't get dissatisfied and restless, do you?" he asked. "You have every thing to make life pleasant."

"But I *do* get dissatisfied," she said, letting the ferns drop over her face and neck and fall upon her hair. "I don't know why I should be satisfied any more than *you* are."

"You have nothing to prevent your being happy," he answered. "You can go and come when and where you please. You can have rare and beautiful things. Your life is not cramped and confined to narrow limits like many other lives."

"I know that," she said. "I am rich, you mean, and can gratify my tastes. Well, does that make all there is worth living for? No, no! I am poor in one way, wretchedly poor, for I have no one to care very much for me. My friends are few—at least my *real* friends are. If my money were gone, how many friends do you suppose I would have left? Half a dozen, perhaps, who were worth the name. Isn't that being poor? I call it so."

He did not reply, but looked thoughtfully away to the wide green meadows where the women were at work.

"I have often wished my money was at the bottom of the sea!" she said, with some bitter accent in her tone. "It ought to make me happy, I suppose, but it don't. Some people are afraid of me on account of it. It keeps them at a distance from me. If they knew how little I cared for it, they would—"

She stopped suddenly, a warm wave of color flushing her face. She dropped her eyes before his swift glance.

"No matter what *you* might think," he said, "the world would think differently."

"The world has no business to think anything about it," she answered.

"But it *makes* it its business," he said, with a sigh. "I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow? So soon?" she said, with a little start. "Mrs. Conroy told me she wanted to keep you all summer."

"Yes, I know, but I have idled away too long a time already," he answered. "I must go back and go to work. I want to thank you for much of the pleasure I have enjoyed. This has been a pleasant summer, and much of the pleasure it has afforded me I owe to you."

"It *has* been pleasant," she answered with a far-off look in her eyes. "I am sorry to have it end so soon."

On the morrow he went away. Miss Percy was in the parlor when he bade her good-by.

"If you ever need a friend, come to me," she said, giving him her hand. "I have but few friends, and I count you one of them," a tremulous tenderness in her voice. "My friends are always welcome."

"Thank you," he said. "I will not forget. Good-by."

The afternoon sunshine lay in slanting lines on the bare floor of the old school-house, and poured in through the windows in a blinding flood of radiance. The air was hot and dusty, and the restless, weary children cast longing looks through the open door, and wondered how long it would be before it was four o'clock.

Nora Percy leaned her aching head upon her hands and shut her eyes to keep out the fiery glare which filled the room.

It was hard, unthankful work, this teaching young ideas. Sometimes she wondered if she had found her vocation. She tried to be just and impartial, but she found out that some people had a chronic habit of finding fault and making a teacher's life an unpleasant one. It seemed to give them a kind of savage satisfaction to do so. Sometimes she wondered if an angel from heaven could have taught school in Brently and suited everybody. She doubted it.

Still there were some pleasant things about even this life of hard work and drudgery. There was a certain satisfaction in knowing that the bread she eat was earned by her own hands. She was thoroughly independent, and she knew that she was benefitting mankind in a quiet, unobtrusive way. Some day the good seed of knowledge she was trying to sow in young hearts would take root and spring up to a pleasant harvest.

At last the exercises were over, and the boys and girls were free to go. With shout and laugh and boisterous glee they broke away from the restraint of the close, dusty school-room, and scattered to the homes where no books were waiting to be opened, no lessons to be learned.

Nora Percy leaned her head upon her hands again, and asked herself if this was what she had hoped her life would be. Where was the home she had dreamed about, with love to rule it, and to make the hours full of gladness?

A step sounded on the floor. She looked up. A young man came toward her, with an outstretched hand, and a face full of glad, eager light.

"Nora, Miss Percy, I am very glad to see you," he said. "Am I welcome?"

"Vane Berresford!" she cried, giving him both her hands, and a smile breaking up the shadows on her face. "I have so wanted to see a friend, and I little expected to see you of all others. I cannot tell you *how* welcome you are."

"You remember you told me once if I wanted a friend to come to you?" he asked, still holding her hands in his, and smiling down into her eyes.

"Yes, I remember," she said.

"I have come to have you make good your word," he said, tenderly. "I need a friend now. I want you for my own, Nora, all my own. May I have you?"

"If you will take me," she said, trustfully, with a new, sweet sense of rest coming into her life all at once. "But remember, I have nothing but myself to give you."

"And I want nothing else," he answered, stooping down and kissing her.

"You might have had me three years ago," she whispered, shyly, "but you would not take me then."

"I was afraid of what the world would say," he answered. "Now you have no golden bar of wealth to keep our lives apart. Mrs. Conway wrote to me about you two weeks ago. An hour after I got her letter I started East to find you. I have found you, my darling, and I have a pleasant home in the far-away West for just such a woman as you are, a home needing only you to make it complete."

Nora Berresford is a far wealthier woman than Nora Percy ever was; for Nora Percy had a wealth of gold, and Nora Berresford has a wealth of love which is better than any earthly riches, and true love is not earthly.

BY THE SEA.

Under those waves, for all their tranquil seeming,
Are graves by no low fragrant winds caress'd;
The ocean pearls and buried treasures gleaming
Above their place of rest.

In their cool depths lie wrecks thought cannot number,
Not softly covered o'er with daisied turf;
The seaweed tangled round their place of slumber;
Their dirge, the moaning surf.

Our human hearts, freighted with wealth unspoken,
Are launched upon thy changeful tides, oh, life!
To find their port at last, sore spent and broken
With hours of storm and strife.

Into thy gulfs, through nights of tempest, throwing
Our precious things, earth's priceless dower of love;
And all the while, the deep, dark waters flowing
Relentlessly above.

Smiles wreathe the rosy lips, light up the faces,
Like those blue waves that ripple o'er the dead,
While memory wanders through the empty places
Whence light and joy have fled.

Forth from our childhood's flowery vales outsailing,
Never again its happy shores to see,
All tempest-toss'd, we reach, with spirit failing,
The land where we would be.

J. T. L.

JESSICA'S DOOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Tom Brennen was a big, handsome fellow. He was six feet, two inches tall, with fine muscular limbs, and a broad, well-developed chest, that gave him at once the appearance of perfect health and of great strength. His complexion—fair as a woman's—had no look of effeminacy on this man, for his features were strongly marked, his forehead high and broad, and his upper lip hid by a heavy black moustache, while his collars fitted about his finely rounded neck with a nicety that Beau Brummel might have envied. His teeth were dazzlingly—almost painfully white—and from the first time I saw him to the last, it seemed to me somehow that I had just been reading "Dombey and Son," and that he ought to be called Carker. He was easy and graceful in his manners; vivacious, witty and intelligent in conversation; and seemed indeed one of "the noblest works of God," if Mr. Alexander Pope was correct in supposing that any "*man*," however "honest," has a right to aspire to such a distinction.

I don't know that my perceptions are clearer than other people's, or that I can read human nature more readily than many of my friends, but almost from the first evening I ever met him in society I could not shake off the impression that he was a cool, heartless, *determined* villain, and I think I shall prove to the reader that I was not mistaken. I had seen him frequently before I had any formal introduction to him, for he had moved to C—— very soon after the tide of war had drifted me there; and being of a literary turn—although I don't know that he ever wrote anything beyond a few stanzas now and then of rather good poetry—perhaps a little too much in the Algernon Swinburne order to be generally exhibited by the smitten damsel for whom it was designed—he purchased a large book store, and fitted it up with a splendid assortment of books, stationery, music, and the like. And while salaried clerks attended the general run of customers, he sat at a distance reading a new book, or hummed some new and popular air, while he played an easy accompaniment on a piano or guitar, for music was one of this man's greatest passions. When a pretty girl chanced to enter, however, the book was laid aside in a moment, the music hushed, and Brennen, with a nod to his underlings, would come forward and play the role of salesman with the most winning graces, offering *papier Arabesque* for "*billet-doux* of course," with entwined hearts for a monogram, with *bon-mots* in the way of small talk that were quite captivating. I wrote a great deal in those days, from a rather bitter necessity, being turned loose from school with my last quarter unpaid, an orphan with not a hundred dollars coming to me from the utter wreck of my father's property, and left almost an entire stranger in a strange city.

The establishment of Brennen & Co., being nearest to the garret room which I had been fortunate enough to secure in a plain but respectable boarding house, I began to go there for my stationery. Mr. Brennen, I invariably noticed, supplying my wants. His conversation, at once respectful and intellectual, composed as it was of excellent repartee, frequent quotations from my favorite authors, and many really racy puns—for however this order of mind may be deprecated by some authors—a *good punster* is ever to me a most amusing companion, I may sometimes have lingered a few moments longer than might have been strictly necessary for the arrangement of my package. But I soon discovered that his manner began to border upon the freedom of acquaintance. I responded in monosyllables, and commenced to urge the pressure of my engagements, as I came and went more speedily. I was out with my especial friend, Mrs. Chambliss, one evening, when we went in together to get a new book, and was surprised to find Mr. Brennen chatting familiarly with Jessica Lorn, for Jessica and I had known each other for some time, and I was not aware that she had any acquaintance with our "Count Fosco," as Mrs. Chambliss had not inaptly termed the proprietor of the establishment—although I had a few days before been presented to Charlie Lorn, who, as I now saw, had been recently received into the firm.

Mr. Brennen accosted me with some *pleasanterie* as usual, and while I was examining some chromos, Jessica whispered,

"What, Floy, are you, too, coquetting with Mr. B.? I don't think I can allow it, for my claims are prior."

"We are not likely to fall out about that," I replied laughingly, "although he is a charming person; for I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"What's Charlie been about? Too anxious to wait on you himself, I know, from what he has been telling me. You shall not be debarred a pleasure for which half the girls in town are sighing, as he goes very little into society. Come back here, I want to show you my new cards, how beautiful they are."

I was admiring the exquisite penmanship, when she interrupted me.

"Mr. Brennen," she said, half saucily, "everybody knows Miss Florence Lattimer by reputation; she may be so condescending as to recognize you personally." We bowed to each other again, and laughingly alluded to the laws of etiquette, which required this ridiculous form, when we had known each other for six months, before we could recognize each other on the street, and we all soon left.

Jessica was a dashing young belle of twenty-two or three perhaps, living with her widowed mother and only brother in scamptuous style, and consequently very far removed from my natural sphere of life. But she had favored me with considerable notice, calling on me several times, and inviting me on one occasion to a large gathering of the literati at her house; so that besides being an exceeding pleasant person, I thought it best to cultivate her acquaintance. I ran hastily up to her house one evening about twilight, to deliver a message about some excursion which we were to make in company the next day, when I was rather taken aback at finding Tom Brennen in her parlor. He had the usual amount of compliments to pay me, however, and joined Jessica in the regret that I would not sit longer, as he might then have the happiness of walking with me home. I hurried out nevertheless, and meeting Charlie Lorn at the gate, found—to me—a more agreeable companion to my door. Arriving at my room, and finding a nice package of books, which I had long desired, but had been unable to procure; with a note of exquisite penmanship from Mr. Brennen, begging me to claim the frequent privilege of authors, and accept them without cost, I felt a little mean that I could not exactly trust the giver, nor yet could I account in the slightest degree for my prepossession against him. I had not had time to write a note, and I went in the next evening as I passed the store to thank him. Mrs. Chambliss and Bertie, her little son, were with me. Brennen turned the conversation as though he had been the obliged party, and spoke to Mrs. Chambliss and the child.

"Is your youngest as large as Bertie, Mr. Brennen?" she asked; and I looked up, thinking she must be gone mad.

"My children are both older, I think," he replied evenly, but his face was as pale as death as I looked at him.

"You have been promising me to bring Mrs. Brennen for a long time," continued Mrs. Chambliss, carelessly. "When shall we have the pleasure of seeing her?"

"Not before the new year, I fear, Madame," he returned; "my business affairs have been so entangled, that I have not had time to arrange for her properly. Miss Florence, I have ordered the style of desk you require, and it will be here to-morrow."

"I had not the remotest idea Mr. Brennen was a married man," I said, when we had gained the street.

"Indeed! He is rather young man-ish, I believe; but he has spoken to me frequently of his family, and when my little Willie died, he spoke so tenderly about the loss of one of his own."

"Do you think Mr. Lorn and Jessica know he is married?" I asked, in an unpleasant train of thought.

"Why of course they do! He is admitted on the familiar footing of a friend and partner of Mr. Lorn's, and you may rest assured Charlie Lorn would allow no man whose history was not thoroughly known to him to be seen in public with Jessica."

I went home with a vague feeling of uneasiness for which I could not account. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, "what reason have I to suppose that this man desires to keep the knowledge of his marriage a secret? He voluntarily communicated the fact to Mrs. Chambliss; and of course he has spoken of it to Charlie Lorn and his sister. There has been no occasion for him to mention it to me."

The next time I saw Brennen he was even more cordial than usual.

"You are my favorite of all the ladies in C——," he said. "You must visit Mrs. B—— frequently when she comes?"

I assured him that I should be happy to do so; and reasoning that I had been a most unreasonable creature, I fell to thinking of it as a most natural affair.

The next morning Jessica called on me, saying that her brother had secured a private box at the Opera, and wished me to accompany him; but as I might have some scruples about going with so comparative a stranger, she had declined all offers, and would call with her brother, in a carriage, for me at the appointed hour.

I dressed with unusual care; and being more than pleased with my appearance, I anticipated a delightful evening, as it was one of Brignoli's nights. I did not keep them waiting, for it was late when they came; and we drove quickly to the Opera House. The pavement, the aisles, the dress circle, and parquet, were thronged with an eager audience. We gained our box, amid the hum that precedes the rising of the drop-curtain, and looked out. White wrappings, flowers and jewels, and broad cloth, were mingled in charming confusion. Jessica and I were seated in front; and Charlie, just over my shoulder, was congratulating us on *our distingué* appearance, when a shadow seemed to fall between us; and looking up I saw Tom Brennen at Jessica's side. He appeared to toy, for one instant, with Jessica's small hand as it rested on the arm of her crimson chair—bowed with grandisonian elegance to me, and gave Charlie something of a military salute. He himself was dressed with unusual splendor; and was never a fitter personation of Lovelace, or Sir Charles Easy, as he was frequently called, than this evening.

"What an array of wealth, fashion and beauty," he said, "And yet I heard this pronounced the handsomest trio in the house, before I entered your Eden, like—"

He ought to have said "Satan;" for if ever a man deserved to be so called, he did. But he left the sentence to be filled by each of us as we thought proper.

"Miss Florence," he said, "the man on the opposite side is ——, whose writings you admire so much."

"Ah!" I replied. "When he has removed his *lorgnette* from my face, I shall be pleased to look at him."

The great master of song appearing on the stage at this moment, however, every other thought was banished, and I almost held my breath until the next interlude.

"Speaking of literary men and literature," broke in the smooth voice of Tom Brennen, as the curtain fell, "I think you are anxious about a letter from Carleton concerning your new book. I took this out of the office this evening."

"I am indeed," I replied, eagerly, extending my hand, "as its fate is so uncertain."

"Remember I have read it—and if my humble judgment is worth anything, I don't think it at all uncertain," he replied.

He gave me the letter; the envelope indeed bearing the name of that house; and my hand trembled in my anxiety as I took it. I thought, however, if I should be disappointed, I preferred that my friends should not witness my mortification. And remembering that I was, moreover, in the face of a great audience, I was about to slip the letter in my belt, and defer reading it until I should reach my own room, when Brennen spoke.

"As it is to my care, perhaps it would be well to answer it even to-night; and you can give me your commands. We will excuse you for reading, I am sure."

Jessica bade me not be "so silly;" and Charlie Lorn drawing back; I broke the seal, and turned the delicate sheet towards the stage-lights.

"*For God's sake! do not mention that I am a married man!* I have suffered all the torments of the damned for fear that you might inadvertently do so. My strength, like Samson's, lies in the secret; and I *command* you to keep it. I *could* blast every prospect of your life in a moment; and I swear to you that I will have no scruple in doing so if you come between me and my object. A wise man keepeth his own counsel. Guard *my secret*, and I will not *betray you*.

T. B."

"P. S. If you are wise enough, as I know *you* will be, to comply with my request, hand this back to me, and bid me answer it."

I was never so absolutely astounded in my life. I really feared that I was going to faint. In my amazement I looked up at the designing villain, but his face was smiling, and his hands supported an opera glass, through which he surveyed the opposite gallery. My blood began to boil with a fierce indignation. He had dared to threaten me; and my first impulse was to defy the false hypocrite, and place the note at once in Jessica's or Charles Lorn's hands; but one more glance at the cool, determined face above me shook my resolution. I remembered that I was a very young woman in a strange city, already made a little conspicuous by my profession perhaps; and I knew, as he had threatened, that a few lying words from the villain's lips might thwart my prospects and bring upon me the ban of society forever. I struggled to keep back the tears which the sea of faces alone restrained.

"I fear the tidings are not pleasant," said Jessica, tenderly. "But you must remember—

'How hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!'"

"The note is not at all in reference to literary matters," I said.

"Then you will not require my services?" replied Brennen, in an insinuating tone.

"Unfortunately, yes," I replied. "You will please take this and say that I must have time for deliberation. An immediate answer is required." I gave it to him as though it were burning my fingers, and saw with pleasure that the renewal of the opera would prevent further conversation for the present. I avoided Mr. Brennen's hand as I got out of the carriage, and hastened to my room as soon as the door was opened, but not to sleep. I arose the next morning, and after a hasty breakfast went out. As I neared the book store I saw Tom Brennen standing in the door.

"I had some thought of calling on you," he said, "but I rather looked for you out. I cannot resist the temptation of walking with you a square."

"I am glad you concluded to wait for me," I said haughtily, as he placed himself at my side. "I prefer seeing you in the open air that I may breathe freely. And now, sir, I wish to know what you meant by the cowardly threat contained in your infamous note of last night?"

"You are using strong language for the street," he replied with a smile, for which I should have liked to smack him in the face. "And so begging you to be more moderate, I must state that I meant exactly what I said. More if necessary."

"What secret of *mine* have *you* to keep?" I asked, angrily.

"None," he returned, with perfect composure. "But I could pretend to have, which would answer my purpose equally as well. Come, Miss Florence, be reasonable. Your writings betray some knowledge of human nature. You *can* look at matters squarely, I know. See, there goes the wealthy Miss Lansdowne—the leader of the ton. She salutes you cordially in passing and would evidently stop if you were not walking with a gentleman. This shows that you are held in esteem. Now turn the tables. Imagine *me* among a set of fellows; and hearing your name called, I simply shrug my shoulders with a low, significant laugh. I may utter no word, and the next time Miss Lansdowne sees you—we take her as the representative of society—she passes you with eyes turned to the opposite side-walk, or is too busy with her parasol to see you at all. Do you recognize the fact?"

"To the shame of society, yes. But why, sir, do you wish me to keep your abominable secret? Are you in love with Jessica Lorn?"

"Excuse me, I do not mean to be rude," he said. "But that is no affair of yours. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Suppose me married to a senseless, quarrelsome woman whom I do not love. I am in business far away. I like Miss Jessica Lorn. I wish to pay Miss Jessica Lorn the courteous devoir of a young and unmarried gallant. What right have *you* to interfere? What right, I ask, have *you* to insult your friend, Miss Lorn, by supposing that she would give me any undue encouragement, unless you hear that I have asked her to marry me, and she has consented? Married men are frequently seen with young ladies. It is the fashion of the day. Remember her brother's intimate business relations with me?"

What plausible sophistry the villain could utter! I blushed at the seeming grossness of my own suspicions.

"But Mr. Lorn does not know that you are married?" I said.

"No! It is no business of his. He asked me to his house, and I go sometimes. Perhaps you are returning the interest which Mr. Lorn evidently feels in Miss Lattimer. You are blushing. Forgive me, but I wish you to be warned. I could make him despise you with a word. Don't make me utter it. I should be sorry to do so. Come, I love this carcass of mine rather too well to part company with it just yet, so I shall not make it a target for Mr. Charles Lorn to shoot at on Miss Jessica's account, pretty as she is. I like to hear her talk and sing, and I shall go there sometimes still. We are at the end of my walk. I want your promise." I saw that he was as coolly determined as I was vexed and heated, but I feared to stand for a moment's parley.

"My engagements will prevent me from seeing a great deal of Jessica for some time, I dare say," I returned, "and I shall not trouble myself to mention your odious marriage."

"You *must* recognize me in public, however, as usual," he said, and lifting his hat, he turned off in another direction.

I was busy indeed for the next few weeks, but I saw Jessica frequently with Tom Brennen at church and elsewhere, and I felt a vague uneasiness all the while. Once or twice she ran up to my room, but finding me so engaged she soon left. I thought that she seemed to be more serious than usual, but I forbore to rally her, and tried to think as little of the affair as I could.

One evening, some weeks later, I met her at a large party, and was glad to see that she came with her brother. But we had scarcely entered the reception rooms, when I noticed Tom Brennen at her side. She refused to dance (was it because he never did?) and though other young men tried to engage her in conversation, *he* was ever leaning over her chair, or promenading with her.

"Miss Lorn is a beautiful woman," said General ——, a young man of national celebrity. "I am afraid she is already bespoken, from the complacent look of that handsome fellow who keeps at once watch and ward, but I should like to be introduced."

I asked Jessica's permission soon after, hoping to disengage her for awhile, and she answered with evident reluctance, "Not just yet—after a little." Soon after, meeting her in the promenade, I stopped resolutely before her.

"Miss Lorn," I said, "let me make you acquainted with General ——. He has been an old friend of yours recently, I think."

They bowed to each other, and some few words being exchanged, the General asked her to afford him the happiness of acting as her escort for a few rounds of the room. She had released Brennen's arm, and was standing just in front of me; but she instantly replaced her hand upon his sleeve, and simply remarking that she "was engaged," bowed again very formally and swept on. A few days after, Eva Lansdowne called on me and asked when Jessica was to be married, as Mr. Brennen's attentions to her had long been the talk of the town. My heart seemed to rise in my throat as I tried to persuade her that there was nothing of it, and all day I felt as if I had secretly committed some atrocious felony. I resolved to take Mrs. Chambliss into my confidence, and I told her of the whole affair. She was indignantly amazed, and vowed her determination to ask after Mrs. Brennen in the presence of Charley Lorn, and inform the latter of the fact by all means.

Mr. Lorn was out of town, so I ventured the next evening to call on Jessica. I met Mr. Brennen on the steps coming out, and when I went in Jessica met me with the whitest face I have ever seen. Her lips wore such an ashen hue that I started in alarm to ring for help.

"Stop!" she said, taking my hand, and then she sank on my breast. "Oh! Floy, I loved him so, and I never knew it until now. He says, poor fellow, that he had told of his bonds to you and others, but they were so painful he could not drag them here. O, Floy, must I henceforth treat him as coldly as you and others do?"

"It is best, dear," I said, and we sat alone until the lateness of the hour compelled me to leave. I heard that Mrs. Chambliss had banteringly threatened the knave to tell Jessica about his "responsibilities," and so he had gone to her himself, with all the false sentiment he could assume so well. Charlie Lorn came back, and there must have been some words between them, I think, for Jessica looking more like a ghost than a live woman, appeared in public as usual; but no more with Tom Brennen; and I rejoiced to think the affair was indeed over. About this time my publishers wrote me that my presence would be required in the correction of proofs, as my book was to appear immediately. I sold the copyright and resolved to go at once to New York.

"I think I shall take take Jessica on at the same time," said Charlie Lorn, as he sat with me one evening. "The change will do her good." I told him that I thought it would, but neither of us mentioned Brennen's name; and the journey was arranged. I was out with Jessica once or twice, who seemed really interested in the trip; and I noticed that she called each time at the office for letters; but I thought nothing about it. It was agreed that we should stop in Philadelphia for a few days. And the weather being fine when we arrived, we had planned innumerable adventures. But to our dismay, we found a telegram awaiting Mr. Lorn, informing him that an enormous fraud had been perpetrated by some one in the firm of which he was a party, and his own name being involved, his immediate presence was required. He seemed greatly disturbed, but soon came in, saying that he would put us under the charge of the proprietor of the hotel for a week, while he should hasten home and return. He had been gone but an hour, when to my surprise and indignation I saw Tom Brennen come out of the bar-room, and the servant bringing up a card, Jessica prepared to follow her to the parlor.

"You do not intend to go down?" I cried, with a nameless fear.

"Yes. Why not? He, of course, has something to tell me about the affair of Charlie's."

I would have striven to detain her if I had dared; but there was a look in her face which defied interference, and I sank down all in a tremor. She was gone but a few moments, however, and my apprehensions were allayed on her return.

"He came, hoping to see brother before he left, and give him some necessary information. He is much disappointed, and leaves by the next train."

She was unusually quiet during the remainder of the evening, and pleading fatigue, retired to her room at an early hour. There was a door opening between us, and as I saw her begin to disrobe, I soon followed her example, and was soon fast asleep. I started up in the night and found her bending over me equipped for travel.

"What is it, Jessica," I said, springing up. "Where are you going?"

"I have come to bid you good-bye," she answered. "I have ceased to struggle against my destiny. I shall go to another country with my darling, where my shame will not be known. Tell my darling mother, oh, Floy, that I did not mean to disgrace them; but I loved him before I knew all, and I cannot give him up now. You will not scorn my brother because his sister's name must never be spoken among you?"

"Stop, shameless girl," I cried, clinging to her. "Mad, insane enthusiast, you shall not go; forgetful of your own honor and the dignity of your sex, you shall not break so many hearts?"

She shook me off as though her own strength were treble my own, and bounded to the door. She was out in an instant, and a strong man's hand thrusting me back, locked me in from the outside. I beat at the door, and cried out frantically until I was too hoarse to utter a sound, when I threw myself weeping upon my bed, and towards morning fell into a troubled sleep. When some one came at a late hour the next day, I saw several persons peering curiously in, and I soon found out that the deliberate villain on leaving had warned the attendants not to open my door, though I should scream all night, for I was subject to fits of insanity.

Charles Lorn strode into my presence on the fourth day after this event, with an expression that I had never expected to see on his usually bright, happy face. I gave him all the dreadful particulars as clearly as I could, and we parted in the deep sorrow that has no words.

It was months afterwards that I read in a New Orleans paper the account of a singular murder. A stranger, calling himself Bernham, had leased a pretty cottage in a quiet part of the city, and had occupied it but a few weeks, when he was found murdered at his own door—as though he had opened it to receive some visitor or message—with a knife run through his body. A woman on the upper floor—supposed to be his wife—learning the death of her husband before it became generally known, had swallowed poison, and was already dead when the chief of police reached the house. The man seemed to have had reasons for assuming an alias, his true name being ascertained to be Brennen. The deed was evidently one of vengeance, as no attempt at robbery had been made. No clue as to the real perpetrator of the deed could be found, though the utmost vigilance of the authorities was exerted.

I never saw Charles Lorn after that. But I knew that his hand was too red with blood to clasp my own.

Alas! poor Jessica!

☞ Complaints that old maids would like to be troubled with—chaps on their lips.

☞ If small girls are waifs, are large ones waifers? "Certainly," says sweet sixteen; "at least the boys have the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

THE GOLDEN CURL.

I.

Was it wrought from the mellow haze
That haunts the hills these autumn days?
Or spun from Ophir's purest gold,
Or changing leaves of birches wold?
This clinging curl so soft and fair,
This slender tress of golden hair.

II.

Ah! no, fond youth, you're surely sold,
As was the silky tress you hold:
The hair-pin in the curl makes known
'Tis not, ne'er was, the lady's own;
The barber's shop is whence it came,
And jute, not hair, its proper name.

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DIARY OF A MURDERED MAN.

The night was quite dark, and gloomy and lonely enough for any hideous deed to be perpetrated.

The moonlight, which had so brightly overspread all nature during the earlier part of the evening, had now scarcely a ray to cast over the ocean and the land. Only now and then a fitful, gleaming light rushed forth, as it were, from behind the dense banks of clouds, and showed how terribly dark the other portions of the rocks and the long, rolling meadows and the ocean were.

So Hugh Hatterick crawled after the victim he had marked out. He never thought how thoroughly Richard Langton mistrusted him—never stayed to think how every sense of the Heir-at-law would be taxed to preserve his safety.

He had crept and crawled along until he reached within a yard of his victim, when the fitful moon burst out from behind a cloud, and the wild shriek of a sea bird broke out upon the night air.

The heir-at-law turned round, as if startled from a deep reverie.

"Ha!" he cried, starting back, "ha! I thought as much—I thought as much. But you are wrong. As he spoke he drew from the breast of his coat a pistol. "See," he added, "see, I am well prepared for you!"

"Well prepared!" cried Hugh Hatterick, with a swagger, "for what?"

"For you."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterick, "I followed the same track, because my road home leads this way. The pathway along the cliff is, I suppose, open to all."

"I am aware of it," said Richard Langton; "but, if you remember rightly, I declined on another occasion to precede you on any journey along it. It may be a very safe and pleasant highroad for some, but I do not, nevertheless, choose to follow it. Precede me, my good friend Hugh, and we will pass along together through the darkness; otherwise I must be under the painful necessity of placing a bullet through your head."

Hugh Hatterick laughed loudly, as if the idea amused him. "You are hot-tempered to-night, my friend," he said.

"Temper has nothing to do with my desire to retain my life," replied Langton; "however, the case has been placed before you pretty straightforwardly by me, and I add this other straightforward intimation—if you do not move instantly in advance this bullet goes through your head."

The wrecker saw well that his game was up. For that night at any rate there was no chance of success. So he pretended to take the affair as a matter for amusement.

"Well, well; if you're murderously inclined," he cried, "I'd rather have no more to do with you. So I'll take your advice, go on in advance, and wish you a very good night." So saying he quitted the side of the Heir-at-law, and made all haste towards his own homestead.

Richard Langton looked after him with a glance of triumph. The dark future had no foreshadowings for him. He only thought of the present time, and his triumph; and after one long look after the wrecker, he passed along the narrow inland path which we have described before, and made the best of his way towards the little inn where he had remained since his expulsion from Heathersley Grange.

Meanwhile, Hugh Hatterick pursued his path towards his lonely home. His heart was full of forebodings and terrors. Up to this moment he had not cared to read the diary which the murder of the old sexton had placed in his way. He felt in his inmost heart that the pages he so earnestly and eagerly sought to discover would prove but a consummation of those terrible allusions which the sexton had made to him upon his bed of sickness. As the old man had sat there in the glow of the lightning, reading by the light of his graveyard lantern, there was something truthful in his manner and his voice, so truthful that in his inmost heart he had trembled and turned faint.

He had, however, until now, endeavored to laugh at the whole matter. He had chosen to regard it only as a scheme to work upon his nerves, but this night, he resolved to know all the truth. So, when he arrived at the farm, and had been let in by the old housekeeper, and had ascertained that he was alone, he drew from a private drawer the fatal packet of papers, and began to read.

Dating from the point where the sexton had commenced his reading to Hugh Hatterick when the desperate wrecker was in bed, it was merely the old story, a life of hardship and terrible privation—a life too common to be commented much upon—and then an escape into more civilized quarters.

And thus ran the diary* (condensed so that my readers may have its meaning fully, and not be compelled to wade through unnecessary matter:)

"What would my brother, Hugh Hatterick think of me now, I don't know, for I look more like a monkey than a man. Dressed as I am I have no doubt he would not know me; but it is the best dress for the climate, and the savages I am with would wonder, indeed, if I did not adopt their customs.

"January 18th, 17—. To-day I have had a most pleasant surprise. A party of us have gone up to the white settlement of Waresville, and I have been invited to remain. Once more I am invested in the clothes of my race, and I have been introduced to the loveliest girl in the colony. She is a perfect treasure, an exquisite specimen of English beauty. The only thing I cannot like about her is that she is engaged to be married to another, one Robert Armstrong, a handsome young fellow enough, I must allow."

And so the diary went on, revealing inmost thoughts and feelings which might occupy page on page. I can tell it better, or at any rate more briefly, myself.

Ruth Mellingford was the belle of Waresville, the white settlement, and Robert Armstrong, who had left his ship to seek his fortune here, was her beloved and respected lover.

It was a bad day for both when Walter Hatterick cast his eyes upon her. He had his half-brother's serpent-like and reckless heart. No matter what might be the consequences, he was determined that Ruth should be his, and feeling like this, he was not in any way disposed to accept the evident slights which she resolutely put upon him.

*A strange diary this is, but a true one; the real words of a sufferer and a martyred victim, whose real name must for many reasons remain forever a secret.

He heeded not the open hostility of Robert Armstrong. The bluff young sailor having made his money in his hazardous and difficult enterprises, had determined to take this rosebud home with him as his wife, and introduce her to a proud mother and father.

The consummation of these pleasant wishes Walter Hatterick had not been able to prevent in one way. The young couple were married. Before his very eyes, as it were, their happiness was fulfilled, and he had the agony of seeing that marriage but increased her love for his rival. Nevertheless, he resolved to be avenged upon them both. He would destroy him, and possess her after all. To aid him in an enterprise of this kind he could not, of course, have selected better friends to assist him than the ferocious savages. So he resolved to call in the assistance of these foes of the white men.

In the light of a glowing fire, which shed a red glare over the surrounding wild and beautiful forest scenery, the lofty trees and thick undergrowth, they settled their plans, and on the following night the descent was made.

The sleepers on the margin of the river were suddenly awakened by terrible and continuous shrieks. Shrieks they were of women and children in distress.

The savages, of course, knew not one white girl from another. So, in accordance with their usual custom, they had resolved to carry off every white woman in the little settlement, and force them to become their slaves.

The cry was quickly responded to, however, by their defenders. Brave men sprang from their beds, and rushed, sword in hand, and pistol in belt, to the scene of strife, and the savages at last were driven in rout and disaster from the streets of the little town, and not a white girl was carried off by their party.

The victory, however, was far from being a bloodless one. Numbers of the white men were wounded, and among them was Robert Armstrong. And yet pierced in the chest by an assassin's dagger, he had no conception who was his enemy.

Suspicion might have crossed his mind had affairs been different. But Walter Hatterick had arranged everything so as to throw no doubt on himself.

He had been the previous night to Robert Armstrong's cottage, and expressed his contrition for the past, and his hope to be received among their friends in the future, and thus had lulled all suspicion in their breasts.

He knew not, however, that he had been unrecognized as the attempted assassin of Robert Armstrong. He was afraid that the villainous part he had played would be discovered.

He saw that the one whom he loved so passionately would be now so guarded that all access to her would be impossible, and he resolved, therefore, to abandon her, and work out his own fortune in his own way.

Robert Armstrong had, as he well knew, gathered together a goodly sum of money, with which to return to England, and delight the hearts of his friends. He had also taken a passage in the "Golden Eagle," bound for Trevegar, and his boxes were already prepared for departure.

So Walter Hatterick concocted a scheme to ruin his rival.

To the captain of the "Golden Eagle," Robert Armstrong was a total stranger. So on the day of sailing (in such a wild place—in such a wild time—a settlement like this was not conducted on very strict principles) Hatterick presented himself, dressed in Robert Armstrong's clothes, saw the boxes on board, and the doomed ship set out on its voyage home. The robbery had been done well, and no suspicion fell upon the real culprit. We know the rest as regards the fate of Hugh Hatterick's brother.

Long and earnestly did the desperate wrecker pore over the diary. There was no longer room for doubt in *his* mind. The man who had been slain in such a cowardly manner, when the "Golden Eagle" had fallen foul of the Dead Man's Reef, *was* his own brother, and the sin of having ordered the destruction of his own son was taken from off the Harbor-master's soul.

But there was one paragraph in the diary which awakened a faint ray of hope in the heart of the man.

It ran thus:—

"I leave my rival, Robert Armstrong, dying in the midst of his happiness. There is *no* hope that he can live. I shall return to Trevegar, and say that he is dead, and no question will be made about the property."

"Ha, ha!" said Hugh Hatterick, as he closed up the manuscript, "ha, ha! there is hope for me yet. I have still this accursed Armstrong in my power, for the son may not return. Yet, as life is uncertain, I must hasten on this marriage with Violet. There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, and it is just within the range of possibility that this Robert Armstrong may return after all, when his presence is least wanted. Before another fortnight passes Violet shall be my wife."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ARREST.

A pleasant evening, truly, was it that closing in of the next day after Richard Langton's visit to Heathersley Grange and the robbery of the parchments. Sir Digby, though he had been somewhat roughly handled, was not in any way injured, and on this evening he was seated on the verandah of the house, looking out on the beautiful country, now balmy with the mild sea breeze. Alice was by his side, and her cousin, Henry, looking somewhat solemn in their mourning habits, but still endeavoring to cheer the old man's mind.

"It is strange that no trace of these thieves can be found," he said, after a moment, during which his eyes had wandered inquiringly, as it were, over the beautiful landscape; "in a small and confined space like this, it seems strange to me that some one should not have known of the robbery."

Henry smiled. "Yes, indeed," he said, "it is but small, and therefore there is all the more reason why the secret of this villainy should be preserved."

"How so?"

"Because unless one man, and one alone planned this robbery, the whole of the desperate characters in this town know it."

"You may be right there," cried Sir Digby, "but what did they take? I positively have missed nothing."

"Where, then, are the mortgage deeds?" asked Henry Heathersley.

"What mortgage deeds?"

"The mortgage deeds of your property."

"In the hands of the heirs of Sir George Heathcote," replied the baronet.

"They may be now," said Henry; "they may be now—but before last night, they were in your strong box."

"And who placed them there?" asked Sir Digby, in complete wonderment.

"*I* did," said Henry. "At the death of my uncle, I found them in his room, where he had, no doubt, accidentally left them. I at once took possession of them—and instead of placing them in the hands of this Heir-at-law, I simply placed them in your strong box."

"Then the name of the thief is evident to all."

"It is," replied Henry Heathersley, "no other than Richard Langton."

The Baronet sighed. "Well, well," he said, "it matters not. For the sake of my children I might have been tempted; but no. Never was the honor of the Heathersleys suspected, and never shall it be. The man has got his own; let him keep it."

"There is not much fear, on that score," said Henry Heathersley; "he would rather lose his life than these documents. But see yonder sail dimly approaching the shore Tell me, father—at what hour did Hubert announce his arrival?"

"He said, ere nine o'clock he would be here," said Sir Digby.

"Ah! said he so," cried Alice, with undisguised pleasure; "then yonder bark must indeed contain the form of my beloved."

"Very likely," added Henry; "she heads this way—and from what I can tell of sea matters, she would be about an hour arriving. But tell me, father; have you assured yourself of the safety of this visit?"

"In what way?"

"He will bring no treasonable papers here, I hope?"

The baronet glanced around him, and lowered his voice to a whisper. "No, no," he said, "we have arranged that he shall hide his papers in a little crevice in the rock at the Smuggler's Gap, as soon as he lands, and there I shall meet him in disguise to-morrow night."

"Good—good. But will not his presence here, do you an injury; and in fact, imperil your safety?"

"Not so. Surely I am allowed to choose what friends I please, even if they be French. All Frenchmen are not adherents of Prince Charles Edward."

"No, indeed," said Henry, "very few of them, from what I have seen and heard, care to risk life, honor, or money in any transaction in his favor."

"I fear you are right," cried Sir Digby, "I am afraid his cause is hopeless. But let us enter; the night air blows somewhat chilly now from the sea, and my spirits seem to flag beneath some terrible foreboding."

"A foreboding, uncle, of what?" cried Alice, in alarm.

He leaned heavily on the arm which she extended to aid him. "A foreboding of I know not what," said he. "But come, upon this night, which promises to be so full of pleasure for you, I will not mar your joy by my croaking. I am getting an old man now, fair niece, and it takes but little to impress me with fear of the future." So saying, he passed into the drawing-room, and took his seat in his easy chair, drawn up close to the comfortable wood fire.

Somehow or another there seemed a peculiar pleasure to him that night in being in his own home. Everything seemed so comfortable, so pleasant, so admirably adapted to his wants. In fact, there was a kind of presentiment creeping over him that he would soon have to leave his home.

Why this was, he could not in any way account for.

And yet had he seen the dark form which had been concealed beneath the verandah, during the whole of his conversation with his son and niece, he would scarcely have been so surprised at his own feelings. No one, however, had observed it, and it had glided away as soon as they entered the house.

Time wore on. The hour of nine approached. Captain Rivasole appeared at length.

Some time had no doubt been expended by him in taking leave of his companions, and in concealing the documents in the rocks.

Hubert Rivasole was little changed. He had still the same bright eye, the same joyous look, the same manner, the same air, and, above all, the same love for Alice.

He was received enthusiastically. It would have been scarcely, indeed, the time to have done otherwise. He came to his appointment so joyously, so boldly, so redolent, as it were, of the bright promises of the future, that it would have been impossible to show him any coldness had Alice been betrothed to another, and had her marriage with a rival been about to take place the next day.

As it was he had a right hearty welcome; and, as Sir Digby Heathersley saw Alice rush to his arms and nestle there confidingly, it almost broke his heart to think that another might come to tear her from him, and he would be powerless to help.

He soon, however, was informed of all that had happened. His Gallic blood boiled fiercely as he listened to the tale.

"Heaven's curses light upon him!" he cried; "would that I had been here, that I might speak my mind, and prove to him that it was the truth!"

"There is no chance of that," said Henry Heathersley.

"Why so; is he a coward?"

"He is."

"Yet he fought you?"

"He did. But this is not a fair fight—not a duel with one. It is a combat against us all, and such a fight he will try to wage by underhand and treacherous weapons. I have seen enough of his character to know that he will spare no means to destroy us."

"And this the one who desires to be the husband of my Alice," cried the young French captain, bitterly. "It is well. I, for my part, will see well to that. Come misery to others—pardon me, Henry—come ruin to us all, he shall not be her husband!"

Henry took his hand, and grasped it cordially. "Do not fear," he said, "that you offend me. Far from it. I honor you for the sentiments which you have expressed. She shall not be *his* wife, I swear, though the doom of the Heathersleys were sealed by my aiding you in preventing it."

"But come now, Henry," said the young French captain, endeavoring to resume his usual joyousness of manner, "lead me to my room, that I may rid myself of my cumbrous military clothes." Hardly had Henry obeyed him, and returned after conducting him to his chamber, when a loud and prolonged ringing was heard at the outer gate.

Sir Digby glanced round uneasily. "What is that?" he cried. His face was ghastly pale, and the locks upon his head seemed more white than usual, and his lips even were blanched.

Henry placed his hand kindly—almost reprovingly on his father's shoulder. "Why—why is this?" he cried. "What have you done that you should fear every sound that wakes the silence of the night? Ah! what is this?"

As he spoke the butler entered. He, too, was pale and ghastly, as if suddenly affrighted.

"What ails you!" cried Henry.

"The king's officers are below," he said in tremulous accents.

"They are here!" cried a stern voice. And then—as noiselessly as had fallen the sudden cloud—there entered the room a tall, elderly officer of commanding and noble appearance, and several soldiers.

Henry Heathersley feared and suspected their errand.

"What want you?" he cried, drawing his sword fiercely.

The old officer smiled. "Have a care, young man," he said; "to draw your sword upon your king's officers is treason. I would have so protected *my* father in my younger days, but years have given me wisdom. Put up your sword. I come to arrest—in the king's name—Sir Digby Heathersley."

"Then," cried Henry, "I will defend him. Stand off, if you do not want the point of my weapon through your heart. Of what dare you accuse him?"

"Of high treason."

Henry laughed derisively, while Alice Heathcote, in terrible fear, clung to the old baronet, who stood proudly and defiantly before his enemies.

"Let them do their duty, my son," he cried; "it is my wish—my order that you do so. These gentlemen have entered my house in a mistake, which the king, their master, will rectify. But tell me," he said, putting aside the gentle being whose bosom had beat in terrible fear against his breast, "why are you here?"

The officer removed his hat and bowed deeply.

"To arrest you, Sir Digby Heathersley, for high treason, in having aided and abetted the intrigues of Charles Edward the Pretender, and also to search your house, to find the person of one Hubert Rivasole, a French captain in the service of that traitor."

Alice at this turned terribly pale, and glanced towards Sir Digby. What was to be done? There was no doubt that Hubert Rivasole *was* there, and the question was, "how was he to be saved?"

The king's officer cut the Gordian knot for her. "Arrest all here present!" he cried, turning to his soldiers. "Arrest all, for the moment, and search this house. We must not leave the neighborhood of Trevegar without the body of that French traitor!"

In another moment Sir Digby, his son, and Alice were surrounded by the guards, while the others proceeded to search the house.

"Oh, God!" cried Alice, as she sank upon her cousin's bosom, "we are indeed now lost forever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITH'S REWARD

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ETHEL DANE.

"Edith, do you love me!"

A touch of pathos sounded in the voice of Louis Williams, as he questioned the young girl sitting beside him.

"With my whole heart, Louis."

And any one glancing in the soul-lit eyes, beaming with the faith and constancy of youth, would have known she had spoken truthfully.

"Thank you, darling, for those sweet words!" he exclaimed, clasping her to his heart, kissing the pure white brow.

"When shall I call you mine, dearest? My bride! My wife to be!"

And with each endearing epithet, he caressed again and again, his chosen loved one.

"It may not be for years, Louis," she murmured.

"But if I possess your love Edith, why wait years to claim your hand?"

"I am papa's only child; the rest with their mother, are sleeping low in the churchyard; and dearly as I love you, Louis, I can not desert him in his old age, and leave him to the care of strangers."

"I do not ask you to desert him darling. In the great west where I am going there is room for all. He shall go with us and share our home—humble as it may be at first—but my strong hands will soon win a better one for you, dear."

And he glanced down at the fair face resting so confidingly on his breast.

"No, no! it cannot be!" she broke in pathetically.

"He lives only in the memory of the departed ones, that he hopes to meet on the other shore. His home is sacred as the place where *they* lived and loved while on earth; even the trees and flowers have voices speaking to him of the past. My duty lies here with papa; your path reaches out into the great wide world where you will win success; but wherever you go, remember my love goes with you."

"How can I part with you, Edith, knowing that you love me? It is so hard to give you up," he said despairingly.

"Does that knowledge render the parting more difficult?"

"No! a thousand times no!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Your love will be as a ray of light in Egyptian darkness; the one bright hope which despair can not crush; an oasis in the barren desert of life; the prize for which I shall toil and wait, for years, if necessary."

"And at the end of the waiting you will find me true, Louis; willing to share with you life's sorrow."

"True unto death," he murmured.

And that was their betrothal under the warm June sky.

"Good-by, darling! I must be going and may not see you again. Keep a brave heart, for you'll hear from me as soon as I reach a place where there will be a prospect of success. One kiss, Edith, my love."

And for one little moment their lips met in a loving caress.

That was their parting, as Edith heroically passed the cup by that might have contained love, and joy, and wedded bliss; to walk alone in the path where duty led. Only the stars they thought witnessed their betrothal and parting.

But all unknown to them a pair of flashing eyes gleamed through the leafy covert which had served as a screen for the woman crouching behind, and on their departure the listener muttered low:

"Curse the fair faced Edith, for she stands between me and the one I love; but though they are betrothed, never shall they be wed if the cunning of Madge Wilder can prevent." And with a muttered imprecation the crouching woman crept through the shadows and disappeared. Spanish blood leaped through the veins of Madge Wilder,—for her mother had come from that far-off coast—and the daughter's nature partook of the peculiarities of the mother's race; for she was as fiery and impetuous in love, as she was deadly in hatred.

Edith Engle's life passed on much in the same old way; her duties were not neglected; and her father's tottering footsteps were carefully watched, and every wish gratified.

But as weeks passed, and no word came from Louis, her cheeks paled, and a wistful, yearning look came in the eyes that before had shone so brightly.

At last the weary months dragged on, until a year had come and gone; and still no word for the waiting heart whose faith wavered not, but trusted on in silence.

Then the father quietly crossed to the other shore, and Edith's scantily filled purse admonished her that something besides grieving for the dead, or sorrowing for the absent, must be done.

So she went to the city; and with many another mourning heart took up the dolorous song of the shirt; to stitch, stitch for bread, to sustain the weary life.

* * * * * *

Five years have flown, and Louis Williams, grown stronger and more manly, is complacently glancing over his bank deposits.

The town in which he had located—built upon the bluffs that overlook the "Father of Waters"—has now become a thriving city, noted for its commerce, and he one of its rising men.

With an eye to business, he had dealt largely in real estate, that doubled and quadrupled in value in half a decade.

"My fortune is won," he thought; "but who will share it? For in all these weary years no word has come from Edith; no answer to the many letters I have written. I will search for my lost love, and have this mystery solved."

This decision once formed, he was soon en route for his boyhood's home.

"A letter for you, Miss," said the tidy servant-girl belonging to the quiet establishment where Edith was boarding, as she handed the missive to its owner.

She glanced up eagerly from the sewing on which she was engaged, hoping to hear from the absent one, for not yet had her faith grown weak.

But the bright look faded instantly as she broke the seal and read the following note:

"EDITH ENGLE:—I have wronged you bitterly, but as you hope for forgiveness in a dying hour, come and let me repair the past as far as lies in my power. Come quickly, for I am dying, and dare not pass the portals to the unseen world with the wrong unrectified. MADGE WILDER."

"Who brought this?" inquired Edith, after she had re-read with wondering eyes the strange missive.

"A woman, miss; and she's waiting in the hall for something."

"Bring her here, please."

And in a few moments a tall, homely clad, but respectable looking person entered Edith's room.

"What is your name, my good woman?"

"Mrs. Hoover, Catharine Hoover," she replied.

"Do you know the writer of this?" And Edith held up the note she had received.

"Yes, ma'am. It is Madge Wilder, a young woman rooming with us, for we are poor, though honest. She has been raving wild with fever, and has called piteously for 'Edith' for days together, pleading for her to come, that she might undo some wrong. But we, not knowing who she meant, could do nothing, until to-day she wakened sane, and asked me to come for you. Will you hurry, please? for the doctor said she had but an hour to live."

Edith had stood like one dazed until thus admonished; then putting on her cloak and hood, started with Mrs. Hoover to see the one who confessed wronging her; but how, she could not conjecture. Arriving at a small dwelling, they entered the sufferer's room.

"You have come!" gasped Madge; "and none too soon. Did you ever dream *why* you never heard from Louis Williams?" And as she spoke a spasm of pain contracted her brow.

"No; surely you did not interfere!"

"God forgive me! but I did. Open that little desk, Edith, and you'll find what you should have had years ago."

Doing as directed, she saw a package of letters bound around with a faded ribbon.

"Oh! Madge, why have you worked me this great wrong?" she asked, comprehending at a glance the full extent of the mischief done.

"Why did I do it?" shrieked the dying Madge. "Because I loved him—because I would have walked through seas of fire and an ocean of blood to gain one smile of commendation; because from childhood he has been the ideal of all my passionate dreams. Oh! Edith, your love was tame in comparison with mine, or you would have solved the mystery of this silence long ago."

"How did you know he loved me?"

"I overheard your betrothal out by the rose-covered arbor, and vowed he should never claim you, and only too well have I kept the vow," she groaned.

"Where did you get these?" asked Edith, glancing at the letters lying on the desk.

"You know Tom Lloyd was postmaster down at the old home. *He loved you, and I loved Louis;* Tom gave them to me, and between us we thought each could win our choice; but fate was against us, it seems. Edith will you forgive me? for I trust the wrong will yet be righted."

"Yes, Madge, I forgive you as freely as I hope the good Father above will pardon us all. But think of yourself, my old schoolmate"—she added tenderly—"for you will soon be crossing the Dark River, over to the Brighter Shore."

"Too late! too late! oh, Edith—Louis—"

And the flickering life of the repentant woman expired.

* * * * *

Again do we find Edith seated in her room—with work thrown aside—while around her lie the letters that were guarded so long with jealous care. Some have grown almost yellow from time; but she is eagerly reading the lines penned by her lover's hand; telling how tenderly he loves her; and how rapidly he is accumulating wealth.

Now chiding her negligence in not writing; and this one, dated a year ago, asks, imploringly:—

"Is it possible, Edith, that you are false—bestowing your smiles on one more fortunate than I? For how else can I account for this long silence, broken not by a word from you? How long must I wait in sorrow for the return of a tithe of the love that I have given?"

Poor Edith! that, was a hard thrust loving and trusting as she had.

Leaning her face on her hands, she sobbed low, regardless of all things passing around; when the door gently opened, and some one stepped within.

"Edith, darling, do I find you in tears?" asked the dear old voice, while two loving arms clasped her in a warm embrace.

"Oh, Louis! Louis! is it you?" she sobbed hysterically, half rising in affright.

But the strong arms folded her closer, as he said soothingly—

"Yes, it is I, Edith; returned to claim you for my own, after the weary years of waiting."

When the great joy of the reunion had grown more tranquil, Louis asked, pointing at the papers strewn over the stand—

"What are they, Edith?"

"Your letters," she replied—"read by me for the first time to-night."

Then she explained where she had obtained them.

"Poor erring Madge," he sighed. "I can forgive her the more readily, since I have again found my treasure. But tell me, Edith—did you never doubt me, during the long silence?"

"Never, Louis! 'True unto death,' was our betrothal; and faith whispered that some time the shadow would pass from our lives, and we would again walk in the sunlight of love."

"And the reward for you faith, Edith, will be a life free from sorrow, if love can make it so," he replied.

On the morrow they stood by the grave of Madge, while the body was slowly lowered to its last long resting place: forgiving the dead, as they themselves hoped to be forgiven.

* * * * * *

In her Western home, near which the Mississippi grandly flows, Edith Williams lives to-day; fully rewarded for the five years of sorrow, by the tranquil happiness which fills her life, and by the love which dwells in her husband's heart.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Burning words—Dictionary in flames.

☞ A legal conveyance—The prisoner's van.

☞ A resident of Cincinnati has made himself the town talk by taking out a license to marry the divorced wife of his son.

☞ An exchange tell us that "twenty years ago Leland Stanford arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over ten millions." What the deuce can a man do with ten million shirts?

☞ "How is it," said one swell, who never could please the damsels, to another who was immensely popular, "how is it that all the women want to waltz with you, and say that no one can so well? How do you manage it?" To which the swell replied, "Why, my dear fellow, I just hold them and let them kick!"

☞ A census taker in a rural district in Missouri, reports two pair of twins born in the last three years to a happy couple named Woodbine. Thus is at last found Mr. Fisk's favorite place "where the Woodbine twin-eth."

☞ According to a Western editor, the phrase "no cards" signifies that the wedded couple do not play euchre.

☞ An English lady has been granted twenty-five pounds damages, just for one stolen kiss.

☞ Miss Olive Logan will be married to Wirt Sikes, a lecturer and literary gentleman, on December 19, at New York, by Rev. Dr. Collyer, of Chicago.

☞ Western whiskey is now raised to proof with oil of vitrol, to accommodate the growing callousness of the Western palate. The difficulty experienced by the distillers is said to be that when the liquor is made sufficiently piquant for their customers' throats it burns all the staves out of the barrels.

☞ A line of stages is now running from Duluth to Superior City, eight miles, on the ice.

☞ A clergyman named Fiddle "respectfully declines" the degree of D. D., because, as he said, he really did not wish to be known as the Rev. Fiddle, D. D.

☞ A Montgomery bar-room has an educated fly, which obeys the commands of its master, when told to rub his head, walk lame, shoulder arms, etc. For some time the master found it difficult to tell the pet from the other flies, and so tied a blue ribbon around its neck. The gun which it uses is an old army musket, and in walking lame the other day it stumped its toe and fell down, and has since been confined to its room. Its physicians are of the opinion that it will recover.

☞ "Who is that foreign lady with the low-cut dress?" asked a by-stander at a party. "That is Miss Chemiscoff, a Russian lady," was the reply.

☞ The Dublin University Magazine, says the use of tobacco produces hypocondriasis, amaurosis, and locomotorotaxy. Have a cigar?

☞ Paragraphers have resuscitated the old joke, that if you whale a boy you'll find him full of blubber. The remark holds true only when you make the boy wail.

☞ Among the competitors for the darning prize lately offered in the Georgia State Fair, one lady presented a stocking so neatly mended, that the judges couldn't find the mark of a needle about the darned thing.

☞ A correspondent wonders if Judge Kent, who said that "the abominable practice of wearing hair on the upper lip is reprehensible," ever heard of the old Spanish proverb, "A kiss without a moustache is an egg without salt."

☞ Alexis is said to draw well, paint tolerably, and to be a clever musician, a good shot, and a capital swordsman.

☞ Another link in Mr. Darwin's chain of evidence is supplied by the report that during the recent epidemic of yellow fever in Brazil the monkeys there were as prone to take the disease as were the human residents. Other animals were exempt from contagion.

☞ At the "Grand Hotel," Paris, the other night, a lady, rather excited, rushed down to the "counting-house," and asked hurriedly of one of those small, tight-clad boys, who are on duty in that precinct, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" and the boy, who "perfectly understands English," replied—"No; but we expect it every minute; and when it arrives, I will send it up to the chamber of madame!"

☞ Patti receives $60,000 for four month's singing at St. Petersburg.

☞ A Hartford lady screamed a little at the supper-table a few evenings ago, when a mouse popped out of a "doughnut" which she was conveying to her mouth, and scampered over her shoulders and neck. The lady was about to eat the mouse out of the house and home which it had just eaten itself into.

☞ A Chicago boot-black recently appeared in Detroit and bought a nine-hundred-dollar lot, for which he paid in fractional currency, mostly of the denomination of ten cents, and which it took three hours to count. He is only eleven years old, and says he made this money in boot-blacking in three years.

☞ The Philadelphia ball to the Grand Duke Alexis is conceded to have far exceeded in the magnificence of the display any other entertainment he has yet attended in America.

☞ "G. D. Alexis" is what the Grand Duke wrote on Brady's register when he had his Imperial photograph taken.

☞ It would not answer to introduce the Koran in this country; it gives the women such an easy way of divorce. Under the Mohammedan law an aggrieved woman has only to place her slipper upside down before the Cadi, and a divorce is granted without further inquiry, as it is taken for granted that she would not seek such redress without the most pressing cause. In America, alas! what an array of reversed slippers would greet our learned "Cadis" every court day.

☞ A Pennsylvanian was rallied so unmercifully upon his personal appearance by his friends, that he committed suicide.

☞ Old Stephen Girard made this observation, which may be pondered by young merchants:—"During my long commercial experience I have noticed that no advantages result from telling one's business to others, except to create jealousy or competition when we are fortunate, and to gratify our enemies when otherwise." He was never known to disregard this theory.

☞ "Phœnixing" is what the Chicago papers call the work of rebuilding.

☞ "What are you about, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was idling about the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

☞ A German suicide tied a rope around his neck and fastened the string to a chimney, sat down on the roof of a house, blew out his brains with a pistol, and fell the length of the rope. He cannot to this day tell whether he took his life by the pistol or by the rope.

☞ The editor of a magazine in New York city has actually received MSS. from persons who say that they "have no experience in writing, no intellectual training of any kind in fact; but want to make money by their pens so as to be able to give themselves the education which they feel they stand so much in need of."

THE DISAGREEABLE WISEACRE.

Among the minor disagreeable things is the man who, in conversation, is continually interrupting you with "Certainly," "Exactly," "I understand." He anticipates, or attempts to, all you are about to say. He says, "I understand" when you are satisfied he don't understand anything about it. He repeats "exactly" when there is no exactness to speak of, and exclaims "certainly" when the matter in hand is surrounded with the greatest possible amount of uncertainty. You open a conversation with him as follows:

"My dear sir, do you remember—"

"Certainly,"

"When—"

"I understand."

"You—"

"Exactly; exactly, sir."

And still the man hasn't the remotest idea what you are driving at, or to what particular circumstances you desire to call his attention. Sometimes he assumes a very knowing look, and while exclaiming "I understand" in the most confident and positive manner, his countenance is as expressionless as a mud ball, or is alive with bewildering inquiry.

☞ Highdrawlics—The long-drawn accents of fashionable swells.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE GRAND DUKE.

The Grand Duke Alexis and party arrived in Philadelphia, on Sunday night, Dec. 3, and were taken to the Continental Hotel. On Monday the weather was rather unpropitious; in the morning there was a slight fall of rain, and a mist hung over the city during the remainder of the day. However, we presume the Duke enjoyed himself. In accordance with the programme previously announced, he was met by the reception committee at the Continental Hotel, in the morning, and taken to Girard College, and Fairmount Park, where a breakfast was served at Belmont, the Baldwin locomotive works, Independence Hall, the Navy Yard, and League Island, winding up the ceremonies with a reception ball in the evening at the Academy of Music.

THE EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.—The ball at the Academy was one of the most brilliant affairs ever held in Philadelphia. The building was throughout decorated with great taste. Evergreens were hung in graceful festoons along the front of the auditorium, interspersed at intervals with American and Russian flags, artistically grouped and forming a pleasing picture. The fronts of the proscenium boxes were adorned with rare flowers shaped in elegant designs, and interspersed with the national emblems of America and Russia. Dancing was begun before ten o'clock, led off by Mr. Craig Biddle, the master of ceremonies.

ENTER THE GRAND DUKE.—A few minutes after ten the ducal party arrived, and made their appearance in uniform in the right-hand box on the second tier. As the prince stepped to the front of the box he was recognized and applauded. A grand salvo of music greeted him, and as the curtain rolled up a scene of rare beauty and magnificence was presented. The stage was apparently a flower garden, in the middle of which fountains of highly perfumed waters played and sparkled as the brilliant rays of light from the great chandelier were reflected upon them. This floral picture was made the more cheerful by the judicious arrangement of a number of fine pieces of statuary. The duke gazed delightedly upon the scene below him, and was not long in finding his way to the dancing floor, where he claimed the hand of one of the daughters of General Meade in a waltz. He was the centre of attraction, and so eager were some of the ladies and gentlemen to see him that they almost waived all etiquette in the endeavor to be near him while dancing. At midnight the duke and suite partook of a private supper in the green-room, in company with ten married ladies and an equal number of single ones, selected by the committee. The room, for the occasion, was beautified by festoons of bunting and pictures of the members of the royal family of Russia. The main supper-room, in the foyer, was also decorated in harmony with other portions of the building. The music was furnished by Sentz's orchestra and Beck's band. The festivities were continued till a late hour.

On Tuesday morning about ten o'clock, Alexis, after partaking of a cup of chocolate, left the Continental in a barouche to attend the Methodist Episcopal Fair at Horticultural Hall. He was accompanied by General Meade, Mayor Fox and M. Constantine Catacazy. On arriving at the fair he was presented with a handsome afghan by the ladies. The afghan is still on exhibition, and will be forwarded to the Duke at the close of the fair. It is one of the most elaborate specimens of the kind ever placed on exhibition in this city. It was made by an old lady of the St. John's Church, and is said to have cost her six years of labor. It is elaborately worked in zephyr, with a bouquet in the centre, lined with garnet silk, and having the Imperial name elegantly embroidered upon the reverse side.

ALEXIS VISITS THE TABLES.—The Duke then made a tour of the hall, inspecting the tables and manifesting a great interest in everything he saw. He chatted pleasantly with the young ladies at each of the tables, and apparently wished that the demonstration at the hall should be as informal as possible. He appeared in excellent spirits, and evidently enjoyed this part of the visit to Philadelphia fully as well as he did either the breakfast at Belmont or the ball at the Academy. He examined carefully the small articles at the various tables, and whenever he saw anything that particularly struck his fancy, he would pick it up. Thereupon his treasurer, M. Machin, would lay down a ten or twenty dollar bill.

He patronized nearly every table in the hall, and in this way contributed about $200. At the book stand he took a Bible, and left $25; at the Ebenezer table he spent $20 for a small toy; at the Home table he paid $10 for a miniature hat, at the western table he left $10 for a bouquet; at the Arch street table he bought a tobacco pouch for $10. He left $20 at the Summerfield Church table for a bouquet.

HIS FAREWELL.—The Duke bade the ladies good-bye on leaving, and shook hands with many of them. The Imperial party then left the hall, and proceeded to the Continental, where breakfast was served in Parlor C, the servants meanwhile making preparations for departure.

The Imperial baggage was brought out and checked under the supervision of Mr. Frank Thomson. The trunks, bundles of canes and swords and other articles, were all carefully looked after by the officials, and carefully looked at by the curious crowd in the hall until half-past eleven, the hour for their departure arrived.

Just before leaving the Grand Duke spoke to Mr. Kingsley, proprietor of the Continental, and thanked him for the manner in which he had been entertained at the hotel.

THE DEPARTURE.—At half-past eleven o'clock the carriage, drawn by a spirited span of chestnut horses, drew up before the Ninth street door, and the Duke, M. Catacazy, and Admiral Poisset and the Mayor, followed by carriages containing the remainder of the Imperial guests, were driven to the New York depot. Here, prior to his departure, the Duke inspected the celebrated air-brake in use on the Pennsylvania railroad, and expressed his admiration of its operations. The special train containing the distinguished guests, left West Philadelphia at about a quarter-past twelve o'clock.

His Imperial Highness left a purse of $200 to be divided among the waiters at the Continental who attended his table and waited on him.

The purchases made by the Duke at Horticultural Hall were put by his secretary in a cabs, and, on thier arrival at the hotel, were presented to Miss Phillips, a little daughter of a gentleman boarding at the hotel, as a keepsake.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Annual Message of the President and the Reports of Heads of Departments were laid before Congress Monday, Dec. 4. The message is concise and plain. Beginning with a reference to the success attending the effort to execute the laws, as they exist upon the statute book, and glancing at the spirit of fraternal benevolence evoked by the Chicago calamity, it passes to a statement of the condition of foreign affairs as related to the United States, and then to the home affairs of our country. With nearly all the nations of the world the peaceful relations of the United States continue undisturbed. Satisfaction is expressed at the successful working thus far of the effort to settle by amicable arbitration the long existing controversies between Great Britain and the United States, which might have involved the two countries in war at any moment. The legislation necessary to consummate the articles relating to the "fisheries" is recommended; and the states having coterminous boundaries with the "Dominion" have been recommended to adopt the necessary legislation as to the use of their canals. The completion of the survey of the boundary between the United States and the British American Possessions is recommended. The efforts of Minister Washburne and our Consuls in France to ameliorate the condition of the Germans in that country, during the war, are spoken of in terms of praise. The annexation of the States of the Church to the Kingdom of Italy has been recognized. The American principle of exempting private property at sea from seizure in time of war has been adopted by Italy, as between that Government and the United States. A commission to settle American claims against Spain, growing out of the Cuban insurrection, has been agreed upon. There is reasonable assurance that a permanent peace will result from the arbitration of our Government between Spain and the South American Republics with which Spain was recently at war. The disturbed condition of affairs in Cuba, however, which jeopards the safety of some American citizens there, continues to be a matter of anxiety, and has made it necessary to instruct our naval commanders to spare no effort that may be necessary to protect the lives of *bona fide* Americans in that island, and maintain the dignity of our flag. It is hoped, however, that all pending questions between Spain and our Government may be adjusted in the spirit of peace.

The hospitable reception of the Grand Duke Alexis is referred to as illustrating our friendly relations with Russia, and the reasons for the asking the recall to Russia of Minister Catacazy are explained. Japan and China are mentioned in connection with the appointment of a number of American citizens to official positions in Japan, and a recommendation to send out four American youths to Japan and four to China for instruction, so that they may hereafter become a part of our Ministers' families there, to act as interpreters. The origin of the conflict during which Corea was punished by our fleet in the China Seas, is explained as already given to the public. Mexico has not yet corrected the objectionable features of her "Free Zone" laws, by which smugglers are encouraged to invade our Texan frontier. With but one exception our relations with the countries of Central and South America continue to be cordial. Venezuela, however, is five years in arrear in the payment of acknowledged American claims. Some Congressional action is accordingly suggested. Praise is accorded to Brazil for her first step towards the abolition of slavery, and the hope is expressed that further steps in that direction will be made. The "apparent" emancipation in Cuba and Porto Rico is not so much approved, as it leaves laborers in bondage until old age, when they become a burden, to be thrown off by their employers. As some persons residing in foreign lands, yet claiming to be Americans, hold slaves, Congress is recommended to provide stringent legislation to correct this reproach.

Liberal measures in support of the Pacific line of ocean steamers are recommended. The principal of the national debt has been reduced $86,057,127, and the annual interest has been reduced nearly $17,000,000 since March, 1869. In view of what has been accomplished in this direction, the President thinks that it is not desirable that the industry of the country should be taxed "in order to continue this rapid payment." He therefore recommends a modification of both the Tariff and Internal Revenue laws—the internal taxes to be restricted to spirits, wines, malt liquors, tobacco in all forms, and stamps—and the tariff duties to be reduced to the amount of any surplus revenue there may be over and above the current expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and the sinking fund; and that this reduction be made so as to afford "the greatest relief to the greatest number;" and that if any further reduction shall be deemed advisable, it should be made upon those articles which can best bear it without disturbing home productions or the wages of labor.

The laws giving "moiety shares" to collectors of customs are deemed by the President to be pernicious in their tendencies, as they hold out inducements to dishonest men. The fluctuations in the value of gold are referred to as fostering "a spirit of gambling," and the desirability of getting back to a specie basis is suggested. As to postal matters, the President specially recommends favorable consideration of the plan for uniting the telegraph system with the postal system. The subject of "Ku-Klux outrages," which is the next topic, recites officially what has already been laid before the public by the press. Polygamy in Utah is next referred to as "a relic of barbarism," repugnant to civilization, to decency, and the laws. The present Territorial officers will execute the laws against it in a spirit of equity, and at the same time will protect the Mormons in their right to worship according to the dictates of conscience. It is not their religion, but their violation of law, that is to be the subject of trial. The success of the present humane Indian policy, through the exertions of various societies of Christians, prompts the President to recommend liberal appropriations to carry it out, not only because it is humane, Christian-like, and economical, "but because it is right."

It is suggested by the President that it is time that the "disabilities" imposed by the Fifteenth Amendment be removed, for the reason that he does not see the advantage or propriety of excluding able and serviceable men from office, merely because they were of sufficient standing and character before the rebellion to be elected to offices of trust which required them to take oaths, whilst those of less ability and standing, but who were equally culpable, are admitted to be eligible. Legislation to protect immigrants from the impositions practiced upon them is earnestly urged on the attention of Congress. The rigid prosecution of public defaulters within the past year, is mentioned as expressing the fixed purpose of the Administration to punish violations of official trust, and the plan of "civil service reform" now being matured is approved. The President gives a severe rebuke to the politicians who endorse unfit persons for office, and calls their attention to the fact that they could not do such things in their private or commercial affairs without dishonor and disgrace.

The remaining portions of the Message refer mainly to matters of official routine.—*Public Ledger.*

WYOMING.

BILL REPEALING WOMAN SUFFRAGE VETOED.

CHEYENNE, Dec. 4.—At four o'clock this afternoon Governor Campbell sent a message to the lower branch of the Legislature, vetoing the bill repealing the woman's suffrage act.

The Grand Jury of Los Angeles, California, has indicted 35 persons concerned in the recent Chinese massacre, and severely censured the municipal authorities.

Epidemic disease is not at present confined to the United States. England has the typhoid fever and the small-pox, while in Canada, at Quebec, scarlet and black fever are raging, existing in the very best families of the city. It is in a very aggravated form, and attacks both young and old. Two grown up daughters of the late General Irvine died on Sunday, and the Quebec Parliament has adjourned out of respect to their brother, the Solicitor General of the Province. In that close and huddled together city it may justly be feared that these fevers will have an ample field.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—President Grant's Message furnishes the text for leading editorials in all the morning journals.

The *Times* congratulates the American Government on the dexterity of its diplomatic representatives in Europe during the Franco-German war in preserving an impartial attitude without losing opportunities of displaying practical sympathy for both sides. It regrets the threatened abolition of the income tax without the adoption of a substitute. Finance, taxation, and free trade, the *Times* thinks, will constitute the questions on which the great parties of the Union will next divide. It predicts that the economic problems in the United States will eventually be solved in accordance with the views of the agricultural producers of the Mississippi valley.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES IS PROGRESSING.

The official bulletin of the condition of the Prince of Wales this morning, states that his Royal Highness had some sleep last night. The fever is regularly and gradually declining. Her Majesty the Queen remains at Windsor, but is in constant communication with Sandringham. There is little doubt that the crisis is over, and the Prince out of danger.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

The Bombay papers continue to publish very sad accounts respecting the famine in Persia. At the beginning of September the inhabitants of Ispahan were, it is said, dying of starvation, and it is feared that matters will in all probability grow worse till June next. At Meschid, the capital of the province of Khorassan, and a town of 120,000 inhabitants, 80,000 people are said, up to August 7, to have died from starvation, 20,000 have fled the city, and those who remained have for the most part been seized and carried away into slavery by Afghan hordes. Great complaints are made because the monopoly of the sale of corn is in the hands of the grandees. The Shah of Persia is said to be becoming very unpopular.

On the news of his return to his capital from a recent hunting excursion thousands of people covered themselves with dust and ashes and raised seditious cries before his palace. These proceedings so alarmed the Shah that for the time being he would not venture into his capital, but afterward he committed several atrocities. Letters from Yezd state that famine, want of employment, cholera, and lawlessness induced by desperation continue. In Bushire about 4000 paupers receive daily relief from the British residency. The same town received several shocks of earthquake on the 6th ultimo. Two further batches of destitute Persian Zoroastrians had arrived in Bombay. An additional thousand of these refugees were expected to arrive shortly.

THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head—do reverence to the old man, once like you. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changed the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart that beat with aspiration was crushed by disappointment, as yours, perhaps, is destined to be. Once that form stalked promptly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has bent that figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a height in fame; anon imagining it a dream that the sooner he wakened from the better. But he has lived the dream very nearly through; the time to awaken is very near at hand; his eye never kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

☞ It is calculated that one Detroit propeller whistle will awaken 75,640 sleepers.

☞ A Washington monster has made a collection of ninety-eight cats—no two alike.

☞ A set of paper car-wheels on one of the Pullman cars running to Jersey City have run over 100,000 miles of track, and worn out entirely one set of steel tires, which have been replaced. The ordinary wheels, it is said, will only run 60,000 miles.

☞ Joaquin Miller is thus described: He has "a violet eye, a thin voice, a stooping form, sunny hair, and a flossy moustache." Further particulars are promised.

☞ A new style of obituary is coming into use, which expresses briefly a great deal, as follows: "John Smith of New York, revolver;" "G. Jenkins of Philadelphia, third story window;" "Ann Jones of New Jersey, laudanum."

☞ A New York clergyman has resigned his pastorate and asked his discharge—probably believing it to be high time after being presented by his congregation with a burial lot. The hint was not the most delicate one ever heard of.

☞ A rural paper remarks: "Cold nights have put a stop to gate sparking. If she doesn't ask you to come in now, you had better quit."

☞ A Bohemian biped, writing on gentlemen's fashions, says:—"Never wear paper collars, they suggest poor credit with the washerwoman." We can see clean through the fellow's little dodge. He can't fool us. As soon as his statement is seen the reader is expected to pitch all his paper collars out of the window, when this Bohemian goes around, gathers them up, and wears them himself! It beats the counterfeit saw-dust dodge all to pieces.

☞ Twelve Swiss guides have lost their lives on the Alps this year.

☞ Mr. Parker, a distinguished Texan outlaw, was hanged by a party of mortified admirers because he incautiously confessed that he had only killed nine men instead of seventy, as generally supposed.

☞ A veteran shopkeeper says that although his clerks are very talkative through the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

☞ Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

☞ If long hair be the glory of woman, then there is a glorious young lady in Boston. She was persuaded the other day to give a private exhibition of her beautiful head of long and heavy black hair. Her height is 5 feet 3 inches, and when she is standing erect her hair falls to her feet, and trails a quarter of a yard on the floor. It is 75 inches in length.

☞ Lillie Peckham, the young advocate of woman suffrage out West, recently died in Milwaukee from the effects of a Russian bath. She was formerly connected editorially with the Toledo (Ohio) Index.

☞ Louise Holden, a lady lecturer just appearing this season, is pronounced by a daringly original exchange "a calcium light among the gas, kerosene, and 'tallow-dip' lights which are seeking to illuminate the lecture stage."

☞ A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "My lord, I wore a mask." "Oh—well!" returned the bishop; "that puts a new face on the affair."

☞ The carrier pigeons "Tornado" and "Typhoon" recently flew from a point in the Gulf Stream near the Galapagos Islands to Montclair, N. J., at the average speed for "Tornado" of 196 miles an hour, and for "Typhoon" of 202 miles an hour; that is a mile in a little more than 17 seconds. "Typhoon" was an old bird, and fell dead as soon as it reached its destination.

A PRISON ROMANCE.

Every prison has its romance, and that of the Penitentiary at Kingston, Canada, is worth recounting, says the Chicago Post. In 1842, near Toronto, the serving man of a Captain Kinnear murdered his master to obtain a sum of money which was in the house. After killing him, the wretch also slew the housekeeper. He was arrested, and at his trial implicated a girl of fifteen, named Grace Marks, who was living in the house, as an accomplice; alleging that she knew of the murder of her master before that of the housekeeper took place. Her story was that he threatened her with death if she gave the alarm; but, as she had been on intimate terms with the murderer, it was discredited. He was hanged, and she sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Almost thirty years have since elapsed, and she is still a prisoner; no more a blooming girl, but an old woman, pale, sad, silent, prematurely gray. From time to time some newspaper correspondent, visiting the institution, hears and publishes her story. There is talk of a petition for her release; people say, 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful, and then the matter dies away. Even if this woman were guilty, a lifetime of imprisonment might be held to have assoiled her crime, and she might be set free to die. There would be little else for her to do in this later world. Where she lived and the cry of murder went up, are now acres of brick and mortar, and miles of dusty streets. Her kindred are dead, her crime forgotten, and her very existence and history are unfamiliar. To such an one a late mercy might be shown.

☞ A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting her nightcapped head out of the window, exclaimed, "Go away, ain't you ashamed!"

☞ Captain Burton, the African traveller, is again in England, after several years' absence—this time in South America. He is fresh as a daisy. The lithe, muscular, fleshless form, the thin, dark face, with the gleaming eyes, and the whole bearing of the man—sardonic, defiant, reckless—are exactly in keeping with the character which his books and his adventures paint for him. He has latterly been in rarely visited regions, and is about to print very wonderful things.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head, and sold at 7@7¼c. 150 Cows brought $40@45 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at 5@6½c. ₩ lb. 4482 Hogs sold at 6@6½c. ₩ lb

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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In CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPEED, D. D., of Chicago. The only complete History of these great events. 600 8vo. pages; 50 Engravings; price $2.50; outfit, $1.00. 70,000 already sold. Profits go to sufferers. Agents wanted. Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, or J. W. Goodspeed, Chicago, St. Louis, or Cincinnati. dc16-3m

BEST OR WORST.

If the old school practice has done its best or worst to cure you and failed, would it not be well, would it not be rational, would it not be Christian-like, to try some of Nature's simple restoratives—something from the herbal kingdom, produced by the hand of Providence. If so, procure the "GREAT MEDICAL TREATISE" ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL REMEDIES, of 48 octavo pages, wherein the plants designed for the cure of every form of chronic disease are named and illustrated. Six or eight copies of this valuable work will be sent free, postage prepaid, to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. Address

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WANTED—Cases of Rheumatism to be cured by JOHNSTON'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND. No cure, money refunded. Any person afflicted will please call on or address JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, Philadelphia Agents.

Agents—H. E. SELLERS & CO., Druggists, Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. One Dollar per bottle. 1t

WHISKERS! One Package of the ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid, or 5 for 50 cents. Address J. SQUIRES,
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CURLS!!!—One application of "CRISPER COSMA" is warranted to curl the straightest hair of either sex into beautiful glossy ringlets or heavy silky massive curls (without injury) in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. Sent post-paid for 25 cents per package, or three for 50 cents. Adress WM. CHENEY,
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Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by Ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. In removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Moth Patches, etc., its effects are almost magical. Like all other of DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, it is has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility.

Prepared by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond St., New York; to be had Wholesale and Retail of EVANS, 41 S. Eighth St.; JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St., and leading Druggists in Philadelphia; of TOMPSEN, LILY & CO., Baltimore, and Druggists generally. oc1-1y

WHISKERS! One package MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, post-paid; 5 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES,
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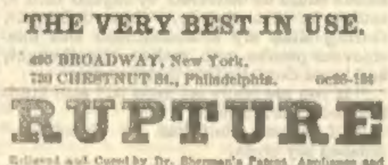

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A BAD TIME TO DIE.

I would not die in autumn,
With oysters fit for eatin',
When buckwheat cakes is comin' on,
And candidates is treatin'.

When sassage meat is fryin',
And hickory nuts is thick;
O, who would think of dyin',
Or even gettin' sick?

SAM'S LEGACY.

Sam was a darky and hired out to a farmer in Connecticut. One day, the farmer, who was not one of the most generous of men, was taken sick, and supposing that his end was approaching, sent for Sam to come to his bedside. The negro made his appearance, and with a joyful face, drew near, expecting something vastly to his benefit would occur. What it would be he had not the remotest idea, but judging from his own feelings, he thought that nothing less than a pretty good fiddle would be at all appropriate for a death-bed present.

"You know," said his employer, "you have been a faithful servant to me Sam?"

"Yes, massa." (Sam's ebony features developed into a broad grin. He now hoped for a pair of cowhide boots in addition to the fiddle.)

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly?"

"Yes, massa." (By this time, Sam's imagination had expanded into something like activity, and his desires now embraced the fiddle, boots, a handful of plug tobacco, and a bandanna handkerchief, and he anxiously waited to hear the next word.)

His master then said, in a solemn voice, "Sam, in consideration of your faithful services, I have directed in my will, that when you die, if you, in the meantime, live in this neighborhood, you shall be buried by my side."

After waiting a few moments, as if expecting something else to be said, Sam asked: "Is that all, massa?"

"Yes, Sam, all."

"Then," said the disgusted African, "dis nigger don't like it! for maybe some dark night de debbel come look fur massa, an' make a 'stake an' take poor Sam. No, massa; if all de same to you, dis chile 'fers to be buried by hisself."

CONCERNING A DICTIONARY.

This sketch of Mark Twain's is not new, but we present it as a piece of consolation to any of our readers who may happen to be without "Webster." It is from the mouth of one Coon, "a nice, bald-headed man, at the hotel in Angel's Camp," in the Big Tree region of Calaveras county, California. It was to a request for the loan of a book to enliven a rainy day, that Coon replied:

"Well, I've got a mighty responsible old Webster's Unabridged, what there is of it, but they started her sloshing around before I got a chance to read it myself; and she went to Murphy's, and from there she went to Jackson Gulch, and now she's gone to San Andreas, and I don't expect I'll ever see that book again. But what makes me mad, is that for all they're so handy about keeping it sashaying around from shanty to shanty, and from camp to camp, none of 'em got a good word for her. Now, Coddington had her a week, and she was too many for him! he couldn't spell the words; he tackled them, regular busters, towards the middle, you know, and they throwed him. Next, Dyer, he tried her a time, but he pronounced 'em all kind o' ways. Dye can hunt quail and play seven-up, as well as any man, understand, but he can't pronounce worth a cent; he used to worry along well enough through, till he'd flush one of them rattlers with a clatter of syllables as long as a string of sluice boxes, and then he'd lose his grip and throw up his hand. And so, finally, Dick Stocker, he harnessed her up there at his cabin, and sweat over her, and wrestled with her for as much as three weeks, night and day, till he got as far as R, and then passed her over to Lige Pickerell, and said she was the all-firdest driest reading that ever he struck."

A COLORED DIVINE.

In the quaint old town of Burlington, New Jersey, lived a colored divine, who was known among his ebony countrymen by the euphoneous cognomen of "Brudder Jacksing." Some years ago the above-mentioned "brudder" was preaching to his "deluded bredderin," when, all of a sudden, getting much excited, and picking up the elegant new Bible, which reposed before him upon that sacred altar for the first Sunday, held it poised in mid air for a moment, when down it came like a thunderbolt to its former resting-place. This was noticed instanter by one of "de belubbed," who, thinking, perhaps, the whole proceeding totally wrong, immediately exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the room: "Brudder Jacksing, if yer wants to try dat speriment ober again, why just please take de old Bible!"

THE RIGHT PLACE.

In the town of S. in New England, lived some years ago, an old retired merchant named B. By some means he had acquired the nick-name of Bocko, and was often called Bocko B., much to his disgust. One day a man rapped at his door, which was opened by Mr. B. himself.

"Can you tell me," said the man, "where Mr. Bocko B. lives?"

"Bocko B.," repeated the old gentleman very snappishly, "no; I don't know any such man, there aint any such man, never was any such man, don't know him at all;" and he was about to close the door on his visitor.

"Strange," said the man, "my neighbor sent some money in, and told me to pay it for him to Bocko B.; I shall have to carry it back."

"Hey?! What! What's that you say. Money! money for Bocko B. Here! well, w-e-ll, the fact is they do call *me* Bocko, sometimes; come in! come in! this is the place to leave it."

PUZZLING.

A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

HANNAH AGAIN.—"I was told to ask you Hannah, whether it was really true that you were engaged to be married to the deacon's son, young Timothy Upham? I said I'd ask you the very next time I seen you. I told Jerusha that I didn't know myself whether it was true or not. What shall I say to her when I see her?" "You tell Jerusha," was the reply of the handsome, blushing, buxom Yankee damsel, "that you did ask Hannah, and that she told you it was none of your business whether it was true or not."

"The first bird I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a fork-upine-pork-upine. I treed him under a hay stak, and shot him with a barn shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him, I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time."

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 6.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Prairies! The very name makes me shiver. They are as trackless when covered with snow as the ocean to an unskillful navigator. Zounds! I would about as lief cross the Sahara without a guide as to get over the plains of the West and Northwest.

Had a confounded fright once in crossing one of those tracts, whose circumference seems to rub the circle of the Great Pavilion; lost my reckoning entirely.

I'll tell you about it. I went out to D—— with my uncle's family, when they got the western fever. Staid out there three years, but no matter about that, I was going to tell you of the fright.

You will have to take a preface to this story. My uncle's family was composed of seven persons. Uncle and aunt, two grown daughters, Cordelia Bardwell, an adopted daughter, niece or ward, I don't know which, never having climbed her genealogical tree—and two boys, of the ages of fourteen and twelve, respectively. I was a suffix, having come after the family for my own private reasons.

Uncle Dan purchased a vast tract of land with an eye, it must have been, to the promises of old held out to Abraham; for acres and miles of this land *he* could never personally utilize, although somewhere in the future he might sell it to advantage. Leaving the preface now we come to the story.

"Rolf," said my uncle, one morning in the latter part of the winter of 18—, "it looks like a good day, don't it?"

"Clear and bright," I replied. "What say, then, to taking the mare and going to Bingley's Mills for me? The going may break up any time now, and I must have the lumber ready to come down the river as far as the forks with the freshets. There's a master lot to be got here next season somehow; and we'll have a mighty lot of teaming for you and the boys to get it over from the forks. But, Rolf, I calculate that it will be a pretty nice speculation for us. By erecting a number of cheap, substantial buildings on sections of my land, I can advertise and sell first rate."

In the exuberance of his fancied capital investment, my worthy uncle gave a powerful slap upon his right breeches pocket, and gave a long involuntary wink at the future.

"Just as lief undertake the journey now as any time," I cheerfully rejoined.

"Hector," to the oldest boy, "give Bess six quarts of oats, and put the harness on her."

"Uncle, may I go too?"

The voice and the question so startled me, that I gave the 'right about' so suddenly that I introduced my elbow to my good aunt's breakfast, and said breakfast being already lodged in her stomach, she gasped spasmodically, and I begged her pardon, nearly grinding her corn or corns by so doing.

All this astonishment arose from the unexpected question of Miss Cordelia.

"The child is crazy," said Aunt Eunice, as soon as she could speak.

"It is between sixty and seventy miles to Bingley's Mills and back," objected my uncle.

"But it is clear and calm," said one of my sweet cousins, and, "Delia never goes anywhere," prompted the other brown-eyed girl.

"I was yet too astonished to speak. I afterwards calculated that it was part of a conspiracy. My two sweet girl cousins were expecting white favors in the form of letters from two sir mustachoes in the east; and Bingley's Mills was the nearest place that letters could be delivered by regular mail to settlers in that vicinity. These little girls, fearing alike my absent-minded and mischievous pranks with malice aforethought, had lured Cordelia into their service.

"If you are really set upon it," said kind-hearted Aunt Eunice.

"Of course Rolf has no objections," finished my uncle.

So in less than half an hour from the time it was first mentioned, I was gathering up the reins, and Brown Bess was tossing her head until the bells jangled merrily.

"It's royal travelling," bawled Uncle Dan, as we started, "and don't be out too late—for it's been a severe snap of weather lately, and—"

The rest was lost in the crunching of the crusty snow, and the "ping, ping ping" of the cup-shaped bells.

"This is an unexpected honor, Miss Cordelia," said I, at length, feeling that I must make some remark.

"Susan and Almira voted me their minister plenipotentiary," she saucily responded.

I might as well state here, that Cordelia and I had had a falling out, of recent date, and she was one of those high-spirited girls who never strike their colors.

We had been having one of our evening discussions some time previous, and in comparing the relative characteristics of the two sexes, I had purposely opposed her pet theories. From a mere desultory conversation, it waxed into a vigorous discussion. She claimed the sweet attributes of patience, purity, and constancy, quite entirely for her sex. I gave man the characteristics of genius, persistency, and strength of character.

She gave me a flash from her brilliant eyes.

There where a dozen of us present—for there were settlers enough in our near vicinity to give us social evenings; and the country sometimes gets quite intelligent people straggled over its surface.

To vex her still farther, I averred my opinion that women were a mass of sentimentality, impromptu shrieks and vascillation.

I had gone too far. With a flash of scorn from her eyes, and a heightened color, she arose, and crossing to the other side of the room she was soon engaged in an earnest conversation with some old ladies.

The storm had not blown over. More hurt at her anger than I would confess, I would gladly have begged her pardon, but her manner repulsed all overtures of reconciliation. Once, when I had accidentally caught hold of her hand, and pressed it with the hope of receiving the shy glance of her eye, as formerly, she just twisted her hand coldly from mine, and turned away with averted eyes.

Now you know just our social atmosphere when fate, that winter morning, decided that we should take the long ride together.

After my first remark, I did not venture to make another for some time; and when I did again essay to open a conversation, it was with such an effort that she acidly remarked—

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Rolf; the ride is sufficiently delightful without conversation."

I felt an emotion of chagrin, but endeavored to conceal it. But she probably thought better of her remark, for after we had gone miles beyond the last settler's cabin which we should see until we came into the vicinity of Bingley's Mills, she took up the broken thread of discourse herself, by saying—

THE HONEST TRUTH.

AUNT.—And so, Tom, you're learning *music* among other things. How do you like it?"
TOM.—"I *hate* it?"
AUNT.—"Indeed! Which of your studies do you prefer?"
TOM.—"O—well—*muscle!*"

"How natural it is for the most of people to attach themselves to home, let it be in whatever locality it may."

"True."

"For, two years ago, I could not believe that I could follow uncle's family west and be content on the outermost bounds of civilization."

With this we fell into a pleasant enough conversation, which lasted the entire distance of the journey.

We arrived at the mills—quite a village lying thereabouts—a little after noon. Bess had tossed her nimble heels well. Meanwhile the cloudless, icy clear sky had become covered over with a gray thickness, that suggested another snow-storm; but knowing that there never was more capital sleighing, I appointed Bess three hours to rest, and left Cordelia in the main street of the village, with the understanding that I should eventually take her up at the public house.

But I got to chatting with this one and that after my business was done, and the short winter day fled like magic.

When I drew Bess up around at the inn, the sun, wading for hours through snow-clouds, had sunk in a bank of leaden blue, and could not be more than an hour high.

"A little risky," said a man at the public house, tipping his head back and glancing at the cardinal points of the compass, and shaking his head ominously.

Cordelia, with her cheeks glowing nearly as bright as the scarlet of her hood, came forward with an animated manner, and as I drew the blankets and buffaloes around her, I thought how a month or two before I would have esteemed this privilege invaluable; but she had treated me so coolly since I had given her offence, that I dared not utter one word that was uppermost in my mind.

We dashed away. The air was damp and cutting, and as we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after starting I said, "If it only won't commence mowing, we shall get along nicely."

At the very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I would not believe but that the mare had flung the particles from her flying heels. But in a moment more a handful of fine particles sifted over us both. Cordelia gave me a half-startled glance. I spoke out cheerily to the mare, and tucked the blankets in around my companion. A half hour longer found the northeast wind steadily and perceptibly rising, while the icy flakes were tinkling on the crusty surface around our way. Quite soon there were small whirlwinds driving the dry, powdery stuff around and around, and then spinning it up in a little column. Darkness came down rapidly, but not before the wind had fearfully increased, and the atmosphere was white with tiny flakes that drifted by us in loose bulging folds.

Cordelia did not speak, she only tightened the scarf around her neck, and sat perfectly quiet. At that moment I would have given a fortune if the dear girl had been safe at my uncle's, and I breasting the storm alone. We came to a belt of woodland, just ten miles of our journey through; nearly twenty more before us. Heaven! it seemed like a voyage across the world. And the awfullest fear tugging at my heart.

A white gloom was let down from heaven all around us. On and on. I did not speak to the mare, nor whip her; there was no need. She was trotting like a race horse, her tail streaming in over the fender of the sleigh.

Another hour passed, and the light snow was some distance above the runners, and driving obliquely across our laps in blinding, smothering thickness.

"Are you cold?" I asked, drawing her closer to me.

"Nothing to speak of," she cheerfully replied, yet I felt a strong shudder shake her from head to foot.

A half hour more and the sleigh pitched considerably, although I held a tight rein.

"Rolf," and again I felt her shudder, "the wind does not strike us just as it did."

Her voice did not tremble. "We did not pitch so this morning—it is rough. Have we lost the road?"

"My God! you have worded my thoughts!" I ejaculated, while an icy perspiration oozed from every pore of my body.

She shuddered again.

I knotted the reins and dropped them over the fender. This was why the mare had held so hardly—she knew better than I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty minutes she had swung around so as to bring the wind on the old quarter with us. It was blowing heavy. I put my arms around my companion to hold the blankets in place.

Just then a faint sound reached my startled ear. A swift shudder shook me, and I came near crying aloud. Another melancholy cry. I would have drawn the blankets about her head.

"I hear it," she softly whispered. I drew her closer in an agonized clasp.

It came again. The mare heard it, also, I knew, for she gave a sudden leap, and then the jingling of the bells was changed to even strokes. She had broken from a hard trot into a gallop.

My thoughts flew to the uttermost bounds of earth in a moment, and from earth to Heaven. I prayed for the safety of my companion, more than for myself.

The short cry and the long wail. Wolves were calling each other to the banquet. The moments fled, the storm suddenly abated; but the deadly sounds grew each moment more distinct. The wind swept by us, and died away at the right; no snow was falling; but nearer and nearer came those fearful sounds. Every moment we were in danger of striking some obstacle, and being hurled out.

We were actually flying over the ground; we could not be many miles from home; but alas! alas! every yelp was now distinctly audible. They must soon leap upon us. I looked from side to side, expecting a gaunt form to spring against the sleigh.

I tried to draw Cordelia down to the bottom of the sleigh, but she resisted.

"I choose to meet death with my eyes open, Rolf," was her heroic sentence, refusing to let me shield her with the furs.

The darkness was as intense as it can be in winter, and, God have mercy! are they surrounding us? Hear the yelps ahead, the cries; and on the left, the air was rent with demoniac yells, snarls, and shrieking howls.

I remembered the short-handled axe in the bottom of the sleigh, and throwing off my gloves, I seized it with the grip of desperation.

With my foot braced upon the iron of the sleigh outside, I half kneeled, axe in hand, expecting one of the dusky fiends to leap each instant upon us. The mare wavered a moment as the sounds grew fiercer, and then with a shrill neigh leaped on again.

With a reverent "God be praised!" I breathed again.

"Cordelia, look! look! we are saved!" I shouted, as the foaming mare dashed through a line of torches, and the settlers sent up an answering shout in return to mine, and the yelping dogs dashed home with a chorus of delight.

The mare would not pause on the outskirts of the settlement, but dashed forward, reeking with foam, to her own stable. My weeping aunt and excited cousins bore Cordelia in, while I rattled the harness from the smoking animal and led her to her stall.

"But that terrible fighting of wolves close upon us—what did it mean?" I asked later, when before the blazing fire I in vain essayed to steady my shaking nerves which actually rattled my teeth together, and shook me out of my chair.

"One of my stags," said my uncle, blowing a trumpet blast on his nose in a very suspicious manner, "we had him butchered—Jim Anderson and I. I told you this morning that the awful cold weather of late had made the cowardly creatures bold and ravenous, and he and I heard them signalling the pack soon after sunset. We knew they would be after and overtake you, so we slew the stag and drove out with him as far as we deemed advisable, hoping that they might find and fight over it while you were dashing past. We were wild with fright as time passed on, and arming ourselves with torches rushed to meet you."

His plan had succeeded in saving us; but I don't love the word *prairie* at all.

"What became of Cordelia?"

"Cordelia? Ah, I thought that I told you my aunt and cousins bore her into the house in their arms."

"No evasion. Did you humbly beg her pardon for vexing her in opposing her pet theories."

"I did that, sir. I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that she had proved, by herself, every good thing which she had said of her sex."

"Did she forgive you?"

"Not ex-actly."

"She was right. She should have punished you severly."

"She did, oh she did, she—*married me.* Oh! ow-w! Cordelia leave me my ears, leave me my ears."

Answers to Correspondents.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

ANXIOUS FRIEND (Charles City Roads, Va.) writes: "The sound practical advice you give in your correspondent's column has induced me to come to you in my present case of trouble. I am a young girl of eighteen. Three years ago there came to our city a young mechanic, with whom I became acquainted through my father, and who called very often at our house, and seemed to like me very much. At the same time I had, (and have still, I think) a young gentleman friend who is very good to me, and I think a great deal of him. But he is very wild and has no regular business. His uncle has died and left him three thousand dollars. Now this young mechanic went away about a year ago, asking permission to write to me, which I granted. In one of his letters he sent me a ring, with the request that I should wear it as an engagement. Might I accept it upon so short an acquaintance? or shall I send it back to him? My other dear friend has never mentioned marriage to me, but I like him ever so much. Do you think it would be wrong for me to speak about it, and tell him I like him? I hope you will not throw this aside, but advise me." You appear to be in a decided quandary, and might well sing with the poet,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

If you had asked us to decide for you with which one you were most in love, we should say, with the wild young fellow, who has no regular business, other than that of investing his uncle's three thousand dollars in wild oats. So long as he continues in this line of business, we would not advise you to marry him, love to the contrary, notwithstanding. As for the mechanic lover, you do not appear to be in the proper state of mind to accept his token of engagement, and our advice is that you return him the ring, telling him that you are at present prepared neither to accept nor reject his proposal; that you are "Ower young to marry yet," and prefer to wait a few years till you know better the state of your own heart. If the other dear friend comes to you with a like proposal, treat him to a like answer. You will find that a few years more of experience will add greatly to your judgment and ability to decide discreetly and wisely in such a case.

Miss A. H. P. (Mt. Pleasant) writes: "The column of answers to correspondents has frequently attracted my attention, and I find it very agreeable reading. May I trouble you, who have so often instructed me in other things, to answer the following questions, if you please? I have read many poems written by John Hay, and others by Bret Harte. About the life of Bret Harte I have read considerable, but nothing of Col. John Hay, except that he is a writer. The other day a lady said, in my hearing, that the two poets were one and the same person. I do not think it is so. Please tell me who John Hay is. Also, if writers send pieces to the Post, or any other periodical, for recompense or without pay, are they at liberty to collect the same articles afterwards for publication in book form, without asking the editor's permission? Or must they make such an agreement with the editor beforehand?" In reply we would state that John Hay and Bret Harte are not the same person. The former is a resident of New York, and holds at present, we believe, an editorial position on one of the New York daily papers. In regard to your second question, the answer depends entirely on the agreement you may have made with the editor who published your articles. Generally, however, editors interpose no objections in such cases.

W. C. (West Hill, N. Y.,) asks: "Please inform me through your correspondents' column how I may obtain the post-office address of persons living in the Western States, as I have acquaintances there and do not know their address." The Western States include a considerable extent of territory, and unless you have a more definite idea than this concerning their whereabouts, we do not see how you are to obtain their address. The only suggestion we could make would be to advertise for them, which might possibly bring them to light.

EUNICE (Memphis,) says: "'De Gustibus non est disputandum,' will the Post kindly tell me what it means? Something about taste, I know; but what, is what I want to know. By the way, talking about tastes, I have just had a dispute with a friend. He claims that the tongue is not the organ of taste, or, at least, only a small part of it. Now, it is my belief, and my argument, that the whole tongue is employed in tasting, and that it was put in the mouth for that purpose. I am sorry to pester you with so foolish a question, but the fellow is so persistent in his argument, and, as I can only say no to his arguments, I come to you for assistance. Please tell me the scientific proofs on my side of the case, as he claims to be scientific on his, so that I may convince him that he is in the wrong." "There is no disputing about tastes." So your motto reads, but it does not seem to be borne out by the facts, as you follow it with the story of a very determined dispute. In regard to the latter, we are unfortunately obliged to inform you that your friend has really all the science on his side, so that we cannot give you a single argument with which to overwhelm him. The best authorities claim that the sense of taste is confined to a portion of the surface of the back part of the tongue, which is marked by peculiar excrescences, different from those on the remainder of this organ. A portion of the food is so quickly dissolved in the saliva and conveyed to these papillæ, that the taste seems to be immediately observed. Try tasting a bit of sugar with the tip of your tongue, and see if the sensation appears instantly.

E. M. (Chillicothe, Mo.,) writes: "I have come to you to answer me once more. I want to make a young gentleman a Christmas present, and cannot find out from any one what would be suitable. Will you please advise me, and greatly oblige?" We will be happy to give you all the advice in our power, but think that you, with your knowledge of the gentleman's tastes, needs, and disposition, and of your own means, are in a much better position to decide for yourself than we for you. There are many things acceptable to the gentlemen. A dressing-case, or gown, would make a good present. There is a new style of pulse-warmers, lined with otter fur, which would be acceptable to most persons. Besides these we might name studs, sleeve-buttons, gloves, handkerchiefs, pocket-books, and a host of other articles.

J. P. S. (Columbus, Ohio,) writes: "I would like to obtain from you some information in regard to this new society, the International, of which I see so much mention of late. I am aware that it is an association of working men, but am curious to know more about it. How did it originate? What are its objects? and is it really considered of as much importance in Europe as the newspaper accounts indicate? You will much oblige by an early answer to these questions." The International Society has been some thirty years in existence, though it is only of late years that it has become politically important. It was originated in London by a few German workmen, who had been expelled from Paris for taking part in a political riot. From this small beginning has grown up a society that is exciting the uneasy attention of all the European governments. The objects of its members are of the most radical character. Their main dogma appears to be a deadly opposition to kings and aristocracies, and to many of the features of society as at present organized. This association is said to have been the active agent in the Communal insurrection in Paris, which so long defied the Thiers' government. The other nations, Italy, Austria, and Germany, are alarmed at its growth, and Russia is seeking to keep it out of her borders. The London Times lately gave a detailed history of this movement, and attributed to it so much power and importance that the alarm of the crowned heads seems justified. There is a branch of the Society in this country, which seems to be rapidly growing in numbers.

E. C. (Dale Wood, O.,) writes: "As you are so kind in answering correspondents, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions, and I hope you will give me your advice and opinion. I have been for some time on very friendly terms with a neighboring family, where there are but two young people, a brother and sister. The gentleman is always very kind and attentive to me, whenever I and my brother go there, which is very frequently. I have always treated him as I would any other gentleman friend—but his sister seems to think otherwise. The other day we were jesting and talking of different subjects, when she said that if I lived for another year I would find out that some people were not so very faint-hearted, unless they wanted to be. Now I know that she meant her brother; but cannot think what she said it for, and I wish you would please tell me what you think about it in your next Post. Also, is it proper for a lady to thank a gentleman for his company when he escorts her home from a party or from church?" We, in your place, should consider it of no great importance what she meant. So long as you conduct yourself with propriety, you should not permit such vague expressions to disturb your peace of mind. It will be quite time, when the gentleman himself makes some significant declaration, for you to consider the matter seriously. As to your second question, there would surely be no impropriety in thanking a gentleman for any polite attention, though of course it would not always be thought necessary.

ENGRAVER (Lantaster) writes: "Noticing in your correspondents' column many foolish queries, I avail myself of the opportunity of asking a couple myself, and would be much obliged to you for giving them as early an answer as practicable. What does a set of engraver's tools cost—for instance, cheap ones? Where can such be procured?" Engraver is rather harsh on our correspondents in considering their questions foolish. He should consider that what may appear so to him, may appear sensible and important questions to their authors. A good set of Engraver's tools will cost two dollars. Poor tools are perfectly useless. They should be selected by a practical engraver. They may be obtained at Densommon's, on Chestnut street above Sixth street, Philadelphia.

ROADSTER (Newark, O.) writes: "Please tell me something concerning the early use of carriages. Have they been very long employed? And is their present form very different from that formerly used? By an early answer you will confer a favor." Wheeled vehicles, in some form, have been used from time immemorial. The heroes of Homer rode to the field in two-wheeled chariots, and somewhat similar chariots appear to have been in use by all the ancient nations. Carriages met with great opposition on their first introduction in modern times. Edicts were issued during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to limit their employment. For many years coaches were only used on state occasions. They were first introduced into England about 1555. They became very plentiful after 1600. At first they were open at the top. Afterwards a canopy was added. They were at first closed with shutters, glass windows not being introduced till long afterwards.

JUNIUS (Kentucky) asks: "Why is it that gold is alloyed with the baser metals at the mints? Is not this an unjust action in the government in order to make money by decreasing the value of the coin issued, or is there any more honorable reason for it?" Pure gold is too soft to be used without being subjected to some hardening process. The use of alloys is for this purpose, as, without being hardened, the loss on gold by constant handling would be much greater than it is at present. Your idea that the government would be benefited by debasing its coin, shows that you have not fully considered the subject. Debased gold would immediately assume is true value in comparison with greenbacks and with the coin of other countries, and no permanent benefit could accrue to the treasury by such an experiment.

WHAT KIT WOULD DO.

A southern Oregon paper thus criticises Joaquin Miller's "Kit Carson's Ride:" "Now Kit Carson would never have attempted to run a race of forty miles with a prairie fire, even if 'Old Revels' was fool enough to advise him to do so. Why, the young squaw would have had more sense that that! Kit Carson, instead of throwing away his weapons and stripping himself naked, would have quietly kindled a fire in the grass, which would have made a safe track for his advance to the Brazos over the burnt territory—the herd of wild animals behind would have obliterated the trail, and the pursuing Indians would have been thrown off the pursuit. Carson's fame rests on his skill and experience in all the vicissitudes and exigencies of a border life; and a poem, avowedly intended to perpetuate it, should have some incidents tending to illustrate that skill under trying circumstances. Instead of this, Mr. Miller has sacrificed all that was natural and reasonable in the incident, to a desire to burn 'Revels' and the squaw to death, and let Kit Carson plunge naked into the Brazos, with no companion but a blind and singed horse and a million or so of half-roasted buffaloes."

☞ There are 80,000 different shades in ribbons.

RIDDLER.

CHARADE.

With regard to my first, it cannot be said
That it is without money or price;
With it, moreover, so many are fed,
That it certainly ought to be nice.

My next is a pit which is narrow and deep;
Few venture its depths to explore;
Some think it is well a safe distance to keep,
Although its supply may restore.

The faint and the weary may rest near its brink,
And imbibe that which Nature supplies;
They may dwell on the days, when too careless to think;
Now such days they would happily prize!

My whole is a word that few hear unmoved;
The coldest may melt into tears:
It is uttered alike by the loved and unloved;
It is mingled with hopes, doubts and fears.
M. D.

QUESTION.

A cow has a calf when 3 years old, and 1 every year following till 20 years of age; likewise each of every offspring, and this progeny in the same manner. How many are in the lineage?

☞ An answer is requested.

Send solution to O. R. Sheldon, Shiloh Hill, Randolph Co., Ill.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is lip-salve like a duenna? Ans.—Because it's meant to keep the chaps off!

☞ Why are washerwomen the silliest of people? Ans.—Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

☞ Why are the bars of a convent like a blacksmith's apron? Ans.—Because they keep the sparks off!

☞ Why is confessing to a father-confessor like killing bees? Ans.—Because you unbuzz-om (unbosom).

☞ Who is the patron saint of small New York counterfeiters? Ans.—Cent Nickelus.

☞ When is a small baby like a big banker? Ans.—When he is a wroth-child.

☞ What is the most awkward time for a train to start? Ans.—12.50, as it's ten to one if you catch it.

☞ Why, when you are going out of town, does the conductor cut a hole in your railroad ticket? Ans.—To let you pass through?

☞ Why is a *great bore* like a tree? Ans.—Both appear best when leaving.

☞ Why is a dinner-set like a club of base-ball players? Ans.—Both have pitchers.

☞ When is a fruit-stalk like a strong swimmer? Ans—When it stems the currants!

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Coast-guard.

Answers to Artemas Martin's Problem of Oct. 28—Depth of water in well 4 feet, 11¼ inches—O. R. Sheldon, C. A. M. 4.94 plus feet—Geo. W. Bublette.

Answer to M. Y. Leech's Problem of same date—$2,465 more by latter than former—M. Y. Leech.

Answers to T. M. M. D's Problem of Oct. 7. 6664. ⅓—O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to Junior's Problem of Oct. 21—Time, in 8 years, 66 days, 22 hours, 46 minutes, 1 second. Amount paid to each, $745.30—Junior, O. R. Sheldon, Jas. J. J., L. N. Hadley.

RECEIPTS.

SAUSAGE.—To every twelve pounds of sausage meat three tablespoonfuls of salt, three do. of pepper, half a teaspoonful of red pepper and six tablespoonfuls of sage. When the sausage is all seasoned as above, throw in two or three more tablespoonfuls of sage.

SOFT MUFFINS.—Warm a quart of milk, and melt it in a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, cut into bits. When melted, stir it about, and set it away to cool. Beat four eggs till very thick and light, and stir them gradually into the pan of milk, and butter when it is quite cold. Then, by degrees, stir in enough of sifted flour to make a batter as thick as you can well beat it. Then at the last, stir in three tablespoonfuls of baker's or brewer's yeast. Cover the pan of batter with a double cloth, and set it on the hearth or some other warm place to rise, but it must not be allowed to get hot. It should have risen nearly to the top of the pan, and be covered with bubbles in about three hours. The griddle being heated, grease it with nice butter tied in a rag; take a ladleful of batter out of the pan, pour it into the ring, and bake the muffins. Send them hot to table, and split and butter them. These are superior to all muffins. Those who have eaten them will never desire any others, if this receipt has been faithfully followed. Try it.

LOAF CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, a half pint yeast, and enough warm milk to make a stiff batter. Weigh out one pound and three-quarters sugar, one pound and one-eighth butter, rub half the sugar and butter to a cream; beat separately, the whites and yolks of three eggs; chop one and a half pounds raisins, add two grated nutmegs (or two teaspoonfuls mace), two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon, two gills of wine, or one of wine and one of brandy, and put these ingredients into the batter, mix all thoroughly together, and let it rise. When light, pour it out into buttered pans, and let it rise once more, then bake. This quantity will make three or four cakes, and keep for weeks.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, and beat them together with the yolks of eight eggs; beat the whites separately; mix with these one and a half pounds of flour, one teacupful of cream, one wineglassful of brandy and one of wine, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one salt-spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of citron, mix with the flour two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Persons troubled with chapped hands will find the following receipts very good: Take a quarter of a pound of unsalted hog's lard, and work it well through clear cold water, then, drain and work again in a wine-glass full of rose water, the yolks of two fresh eggs, and a tablespoonful of honey. When well worked together in an earthen dish, mix in gradually as much finely powdered oat-meal as will make a paste the consistency of new butter. For use, spread the mixture on the hands at night, cover with old gloves too large for the hands; and in the morning wash off with pure water.

BOILS.—Here is a recipe for boils I know to be good, having tried it in many cases, and it never yet has failed. It is worth more than the price of THE POST to any one so afflicted:—Take a tablespoonful of rye flour, in cold water, once a day, on going to bed. It has always in my case driven them away in a week. J. R. R.

TO COLOR KID GLOVES.—Put a handful of logwood into a bowl, cover with alcohol, and let it soak until it looks strong—one day, perhaps. Put one glove on the hand, dip a small woollen cloth or sponge into the liquid, wet the glove all over, rub it *dry* and hard until it shines, and it will be a nice purple. Repeat the process and it will be black.